



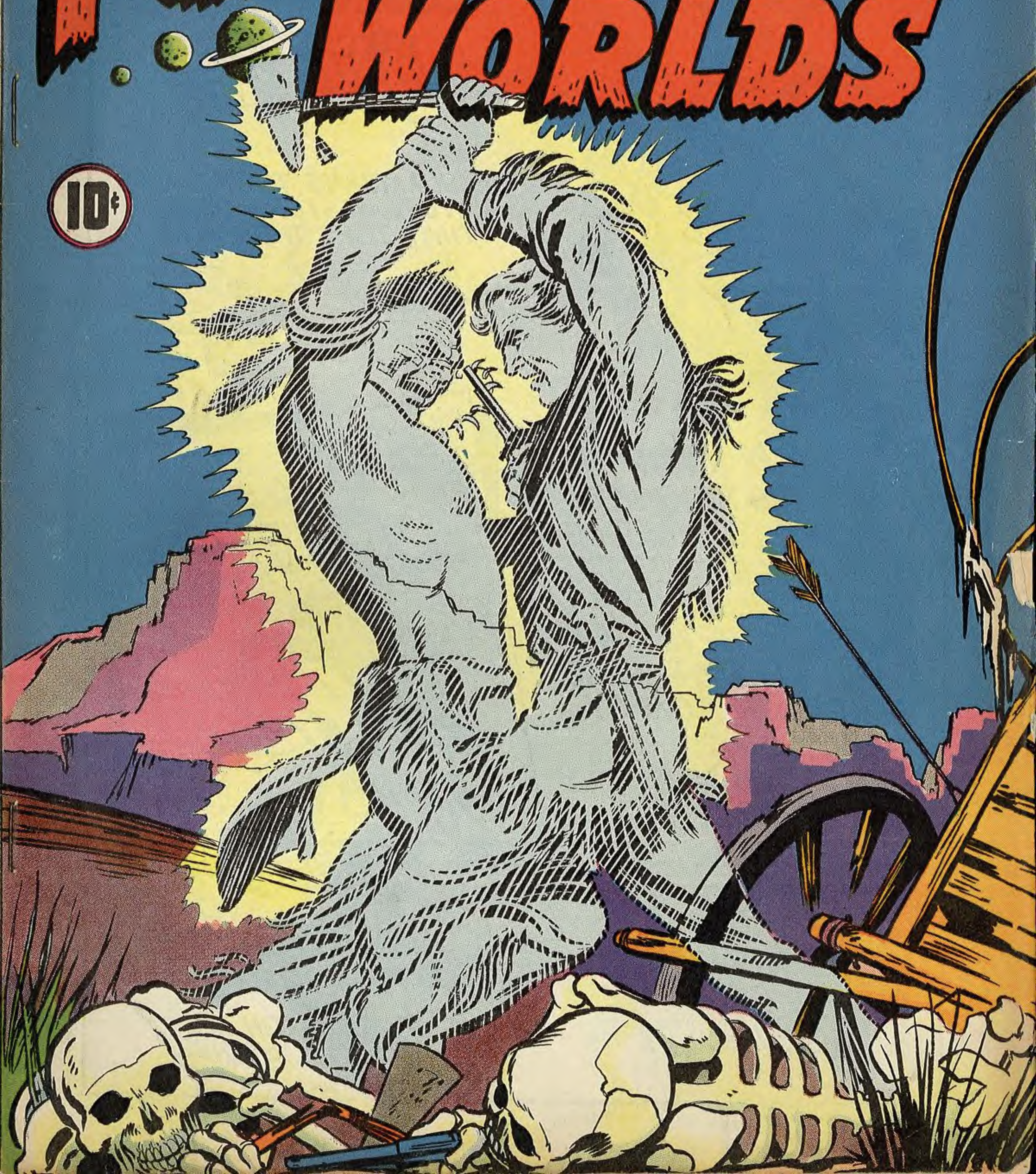
EXPLORING *the* SUPERNATURAL!



№9 SEPT.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a
**ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!**

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



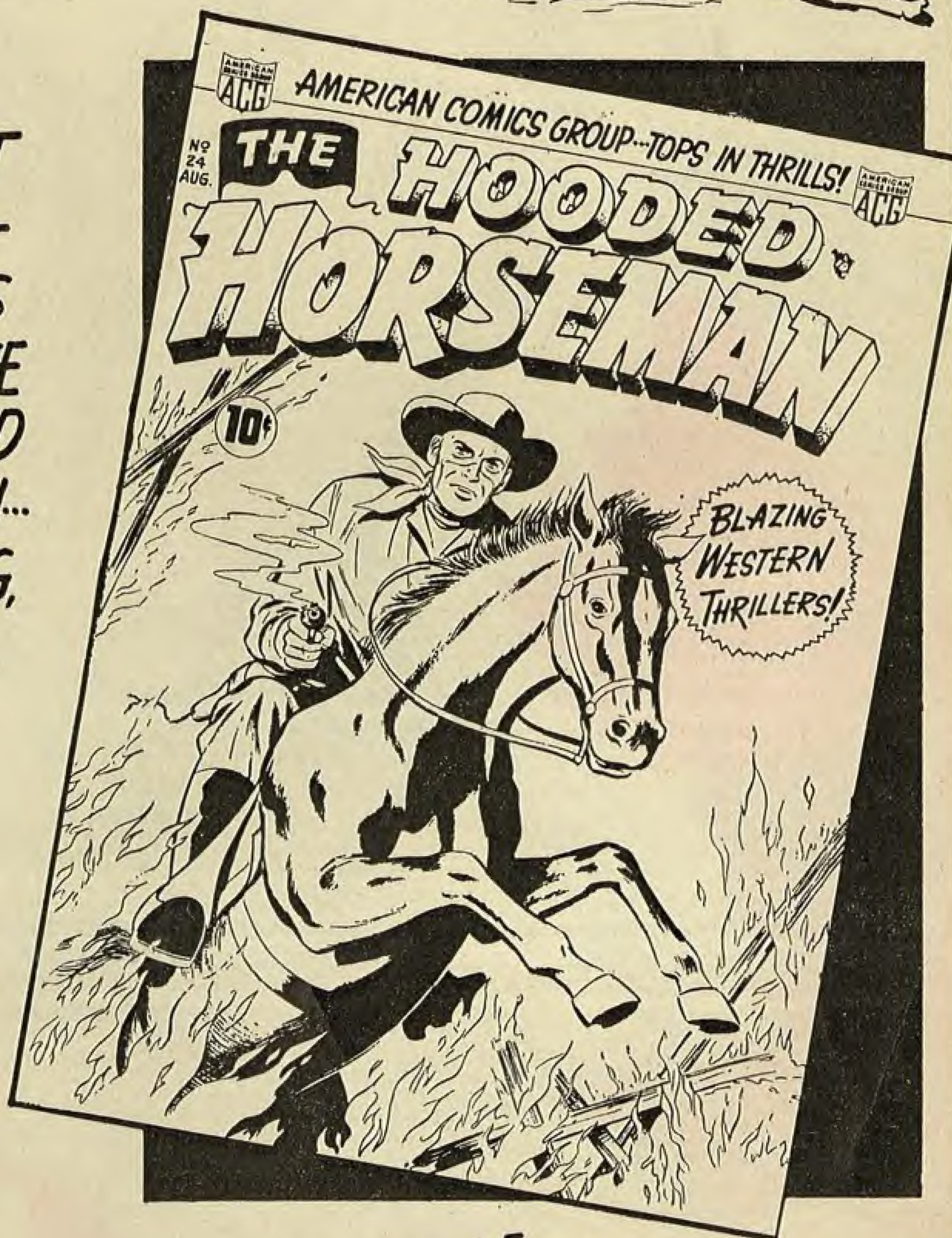
You'll **GASP AT**
**FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS**
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've **NEVER** read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

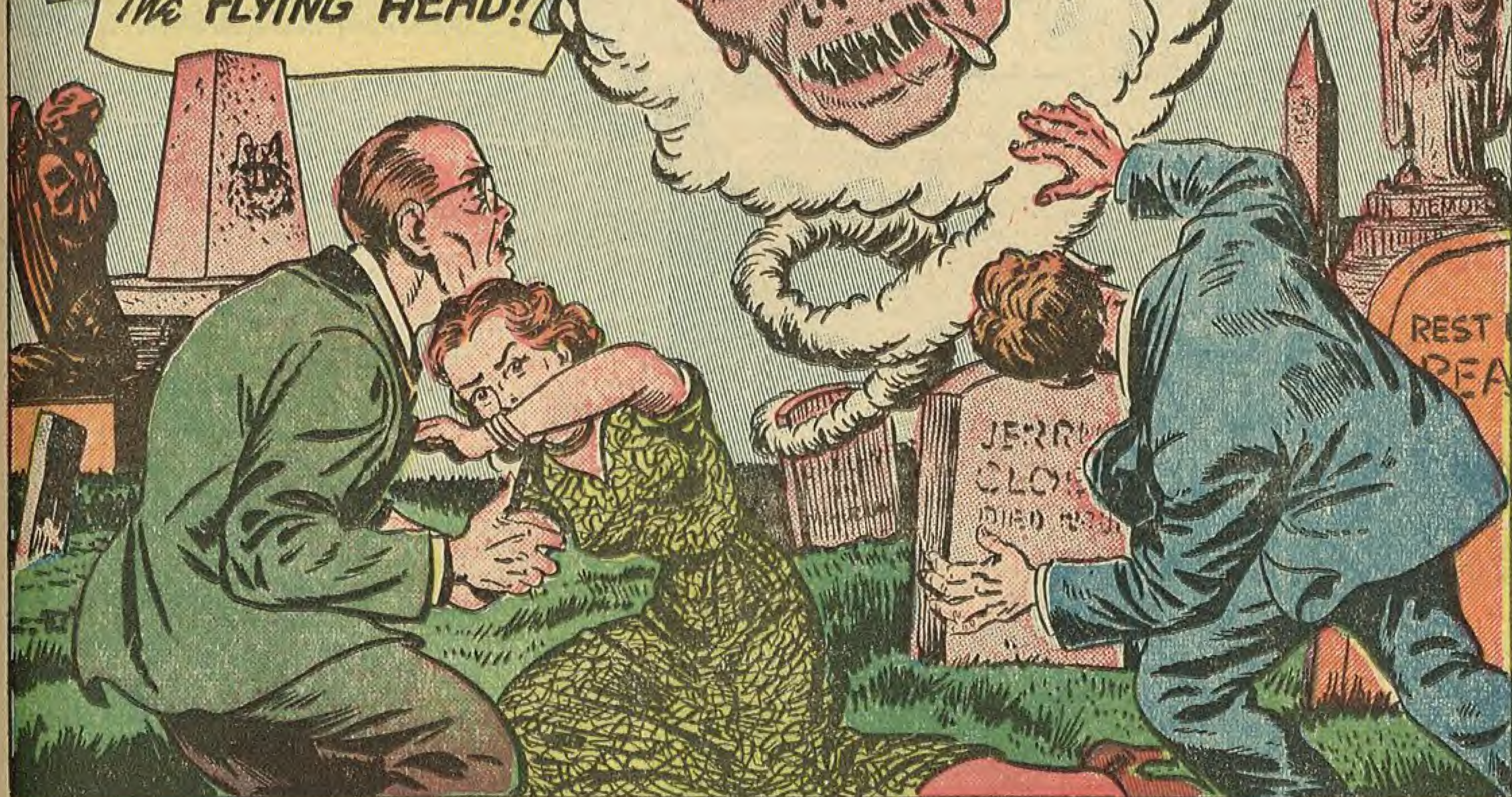


10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

The FLYING HEAD

IT WAS A SEEMINGLY HARMLESS THING...A MUSEUM PIECE TO BE VIEWED THROUGH A GLASS SHOWCASE! BUT ITS POTENTIAL EVIL WAS A MALIGNANT FORCE--A HORROR FROM THE WORLD OF LIMBO WHICH COULD STREAK MURDEROUSLY OUT OF THE BROODING NIGHT TO SCATTER TERROR AGAINST THE HELPLESS VICTIMS WHO WOULD KNOW THE GRISLY FURY OF--

The FLYING HEAD!



LATE ONE NIGHT, IN THE LIBRARY OF MUSEUM CURATOR, CYRUS P. WILKES...

THIS JUST ARRIVED FROM INDIA, EVAN...A REAL TREASURE! IT'S GOING TO ADD A **GREAT** DEAL TO THE MUSEUM'S PRESTIGE!

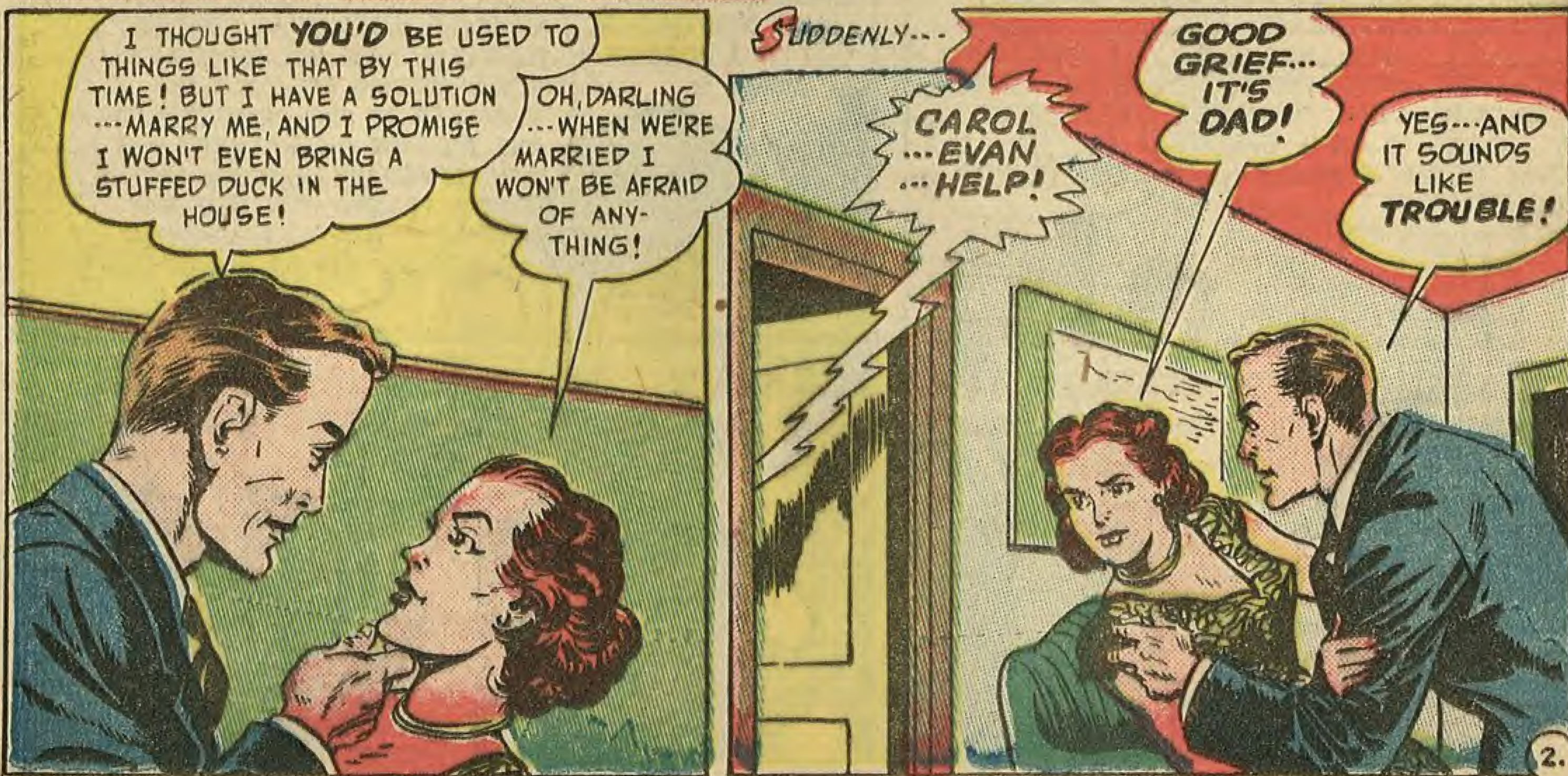
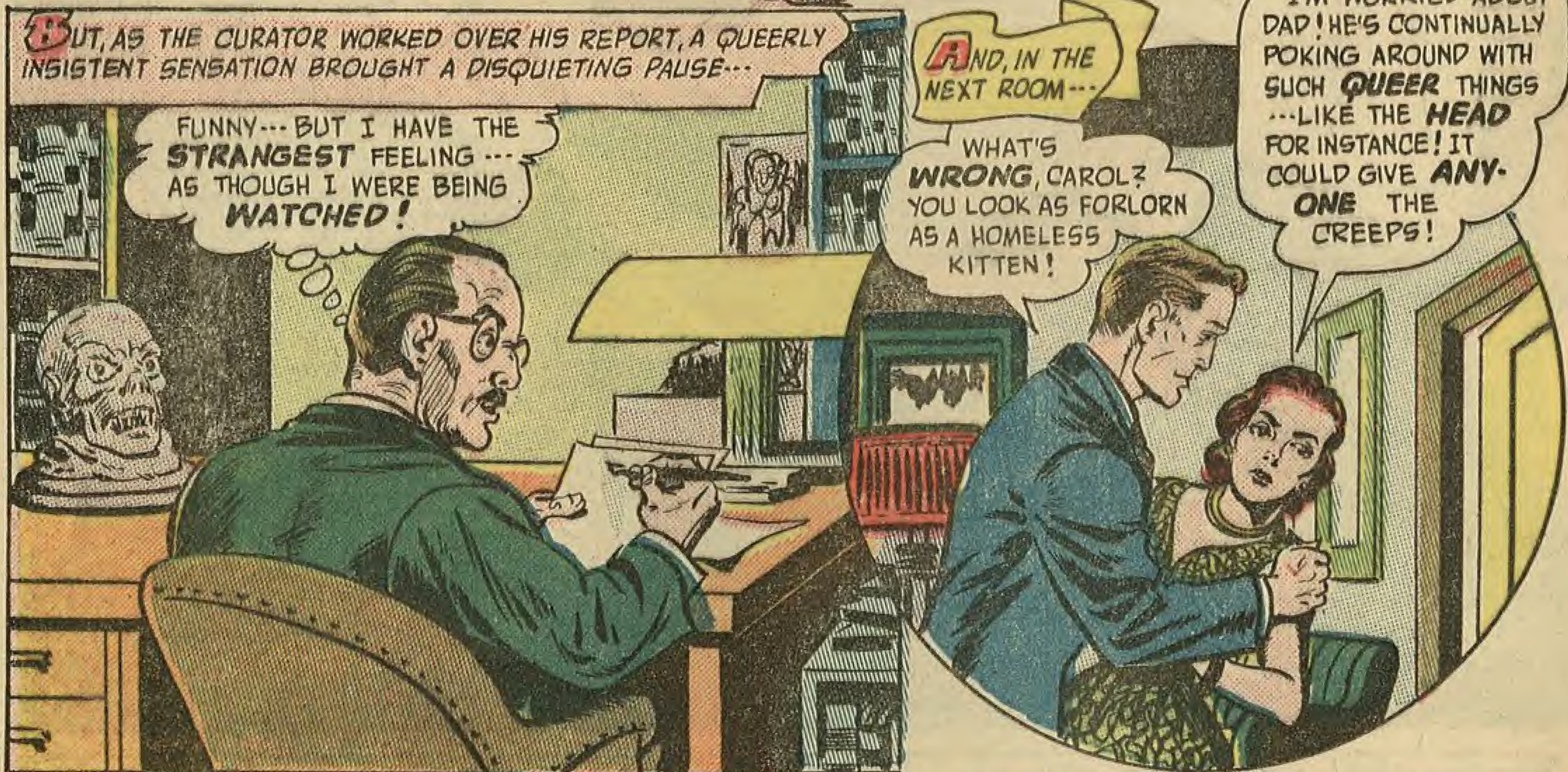
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF PRESERVED HEAD! MAY I SEE IT, SIR?



BRRRR! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A HORROR MOVIE!

ACTUALLY, IT'S THE HEAD OF A **HINDOO SHAMAN!** I SUPPOSE WE'D CALL THEM MAGICIANS OF A SORT, BUT THIS FELLOW WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE PRACTICED THE **BLACK ARTS!** THAT'S WHY THEY LOPPED HIS HEAD OFF AND PLACED IT IN THIS JAR ... TO END HIS POWER, SO TO SPEAK!





SECONDS LATER...



LOOK...
THE HEAD!
IT... IT
SPOKE!

GREAT
SCOTT!
IT'S
ALIVE!



YES! MORTALS...ALIVE
AND FREE! THE BREAKING
OF THE JAR HAS PROVIDED
A MEANS FOR MY ESCAPE!
AND NOW, I NEED ONLY
FIND A BODY TO
COMMENCE MY
REIGN OF TERROR!



T-THIS CAN'T
BE REAL! IT'S
SOME SORT OF
HALLUCINAT-
ION!

NO
HALLUCINATION,
YOU FOOL! I'LL
PROVE THAT
SOON
ENOUGH!



OHH...
IT'S GOING
THROUGH
THE
WINDOW!

HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA!

CRASH!



IT'S INCREDIBLE
...BUT IT'S FLYING
OFF! WHAT SORT
OF CREATURE IS
IT?

A MONSTROUS
ONE, EVAN...SO
DREADFUL I DARE
NOT THINK
OF THE
CON-
SEQUENCES!



IT'S BEYOND OUR OUR POWERS TO EXPLAIN
WHAT WE'VE JUST SEEN...BUT **ONE**
THING I DO KNOW! IT'S THE HEAD OF
AN **INDIAN SHAMAN**, AND THEY'RE
REPUTED TO HAVE **ENORMOUS** AND
FANTASTIC POWER! SOME SAY
THEY CAN **CONTROL THE**
DEAD!

CONTROL THE
DEAD, EH? THAT
COULD BE THE
CLUE WE
NEED!



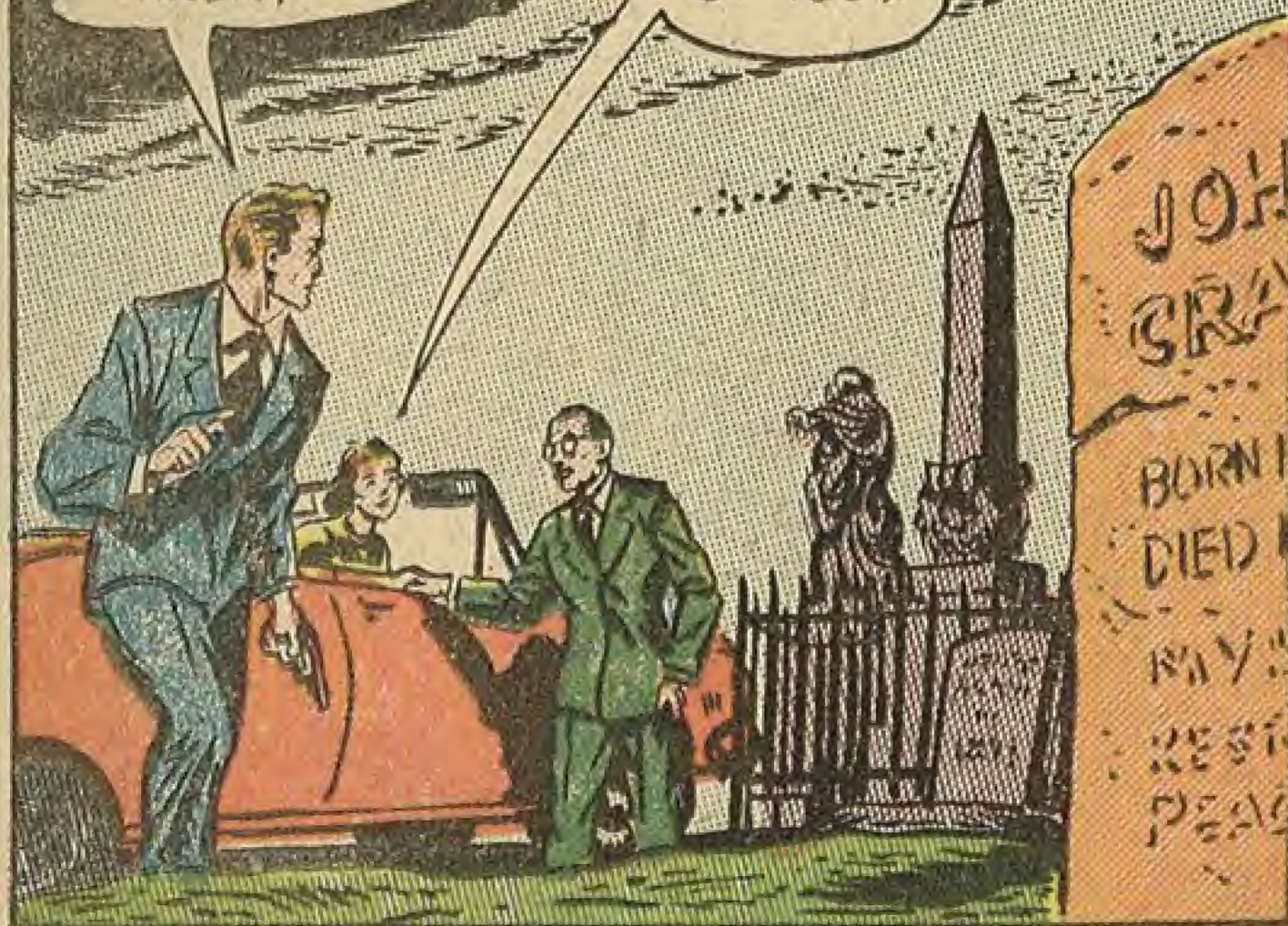
THE CREEP SAID
SOMETHING ABOUT
NEEDING A **BODY**! IF IT
HAS POWER OVER THE
DEAD, WHERE ELSE
WOULD IT GO BUT TO
A **CEMETERY**?

YOU'RE **RIGHT**,...
AND THERE **IS** A
CEMETERY ONLY A
SHORT WAY OFF!
WE'LL LEAVE AT
ONCE, AND YOU'D
BETTER TAKE MY
GUN...JUST IN
CASE!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

WAIT IN THE CAR, CAROL! YOUR DAD AND I ARE GOING TO CHECK WITH THE CARE-TAKER!

ALL RIGHT, BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL! BOTH OF YOU!



EVAN... THAT SOUND! DO YOU HEAR IT?

IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND THOSE HEAD-STONES! COME ON!

OH-HH!



LOOKS LIKE THE CARETAKER! HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!

TH-THE **MONSTER**... IT CAN RAISE THE DEAD! TRIED TO FIGHT IT... TOO STRONG! DO SOMETHING... BEFORE IT'S... TOO LATE!



THEN LOOMING BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES LIKE EVIL INCARNATE...

GOOD LORD! IT'S MADE GOOD ITS THREAT! THE HEAD NOW HAS A BODY!

YES, BUT IT WON'T KEEP IT!



YE GODS... THE BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT!

OF COURSE NOT, FOOL! HOW CAN YOU KILL A THING THAT IS **ALREADY** DEAD? AND NOW... **PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!**

BANG! BANG! BANG!



DESPERATELY, EVAN HURLED THE NEARBY OIL LANTERN INTO THE GRINNING SKULL...

OKAY, CREEP! TRY THIS FOR A CHANGE!

AHHH...!!





FOR THREE NIGHTS, THE MERCILESS, SKULKING FORM SCATTERED A TRAIL OF HORROR THROUGH THE DARKENED STREETS OF THE PANIC-STRICKEN CITY...



MEANWHILE, IN CURATOR WILKE'S HOME...



THERE'S BEEN **ANOTHER** KILLING...THE THIRD IN THREE DAYS! I'M CONVINCED ITS THE WORK OF THAT **MONSTROUS HEAD!**

BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE, SIR?

BECAUSE OF THE **CORONER'S** REPORT, IN EACH INSTANCE THE VICTIM'S BODY WAS LEFT ASHEN WHITE...**DRAINED!**

HOW **GHASTLY!** B-BUT WHY?



MY THEORY IS THAT THE HEAD IS ENGAGING IN A KIND OF **VAMPIRISM!** REMEMBER, WE KNOW IT IS IN POSSESSION OF A **LIFE-LESS** BODY, BUT STILL IT MOVES AND GETS ABOUT AS THOUGH IT WERE ALIVE! IT'S VICTIMS' BLOOD **MUST** BE SUPPLYING HIS STOLEN BODY WITH THE **LIFE GIVING FLUID!**



THEN WE HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE, DAD! WE **CAN'T** KEEP THIS THING A SECRET ANY LONGER!

NO, CAROL, THEY'D LAUGH AT US...TAKE US FOR CRACKPOTS! WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE!



YOUR FATHER IS RIGHT, CAROL, AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT HAS TO BE DONE! I'M GOING TO GO AND HUNT DOWN THIS CREEP MYSELF!

Y-YOU? NO...YOU **MUSTN'T!** IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!







EVAN...
I...I...
AGH!

I'M COMING,
CAROL!
HOLD
ON!



SO... YOU AGAIN! YOU
ESCAPED ME **ONCE**,
BUT THIS TIME I **WON'T**
FAIL!

DON'T BE
SO **SURE**,
CREEP!



YOU **PUNY** FOOL!
DON'T YOU REALIZE I'M
BEYOND DEATH? **NOTH-**
ING CAN STAND UP AGAINST
ME... MY **POWER IS**
SUPREME!

THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK...LET'S SEE
HOW YOU TAKE...



...THIS!

AHH-III!

BOOM!

WITH A HISSING SOUND, THE FLAMES
LEAPED UPWARDS...ENGULFING THE
SKELETAL SHAPE WITH A STRANGELY
CLINGING CLOUD OF FLAME!

OHH! NOW IT'S
ALL AFLAME...
IT'S BREAKING
APART!

YES, AND
GOOD RIDDANCE
TO IT!

YAAGH!

LOOK!
THE **HEAD**
...IT'S **LEAV-**
ING THE BODY!
IT'S GOING TO
ESCAPE!

NOT FOR LONG, CAROL!
THAT THING I TOSSED
AT IT WAS A **NAPALM**
JELLY BOMB, WHICH
STARTS A FIRE THAT
STICKS! I REMEMBER
HOW THAT CREEP RAN
WHEN I THREW THAT
LANTERN IN THE
CEMETERY! FIRE IS THE

ONE THING
IT **CAN'T** TAKE
...AND THIS IS
'ONE KIND
OF FIRE IT
CAN'T
ESCAPE
FROM!

AND WHEN THE GLOWING MASS HAD
PLUNGED FLAMING INTO THE SEA...

IT'S **GONE**,
EVAN, **GONE!**
YOU'VE
DESTROYED
IT FOR
GOOD!

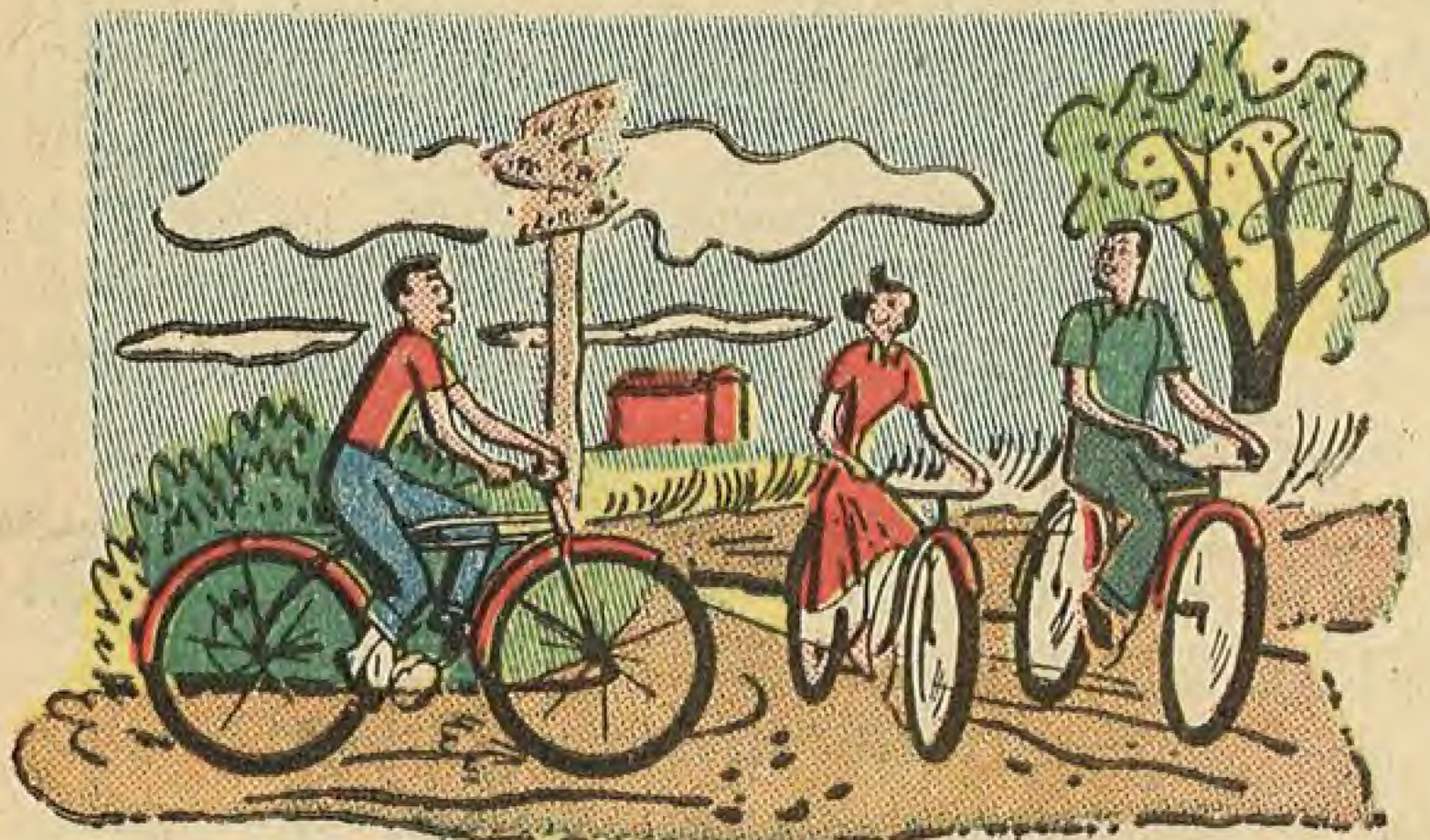
YES, DARLING...
IT'S ONLY A BAD
MEMORY NOW,
BUT IN A LITTLE
WHILE THAT
WILL BE
GONE, TOO!



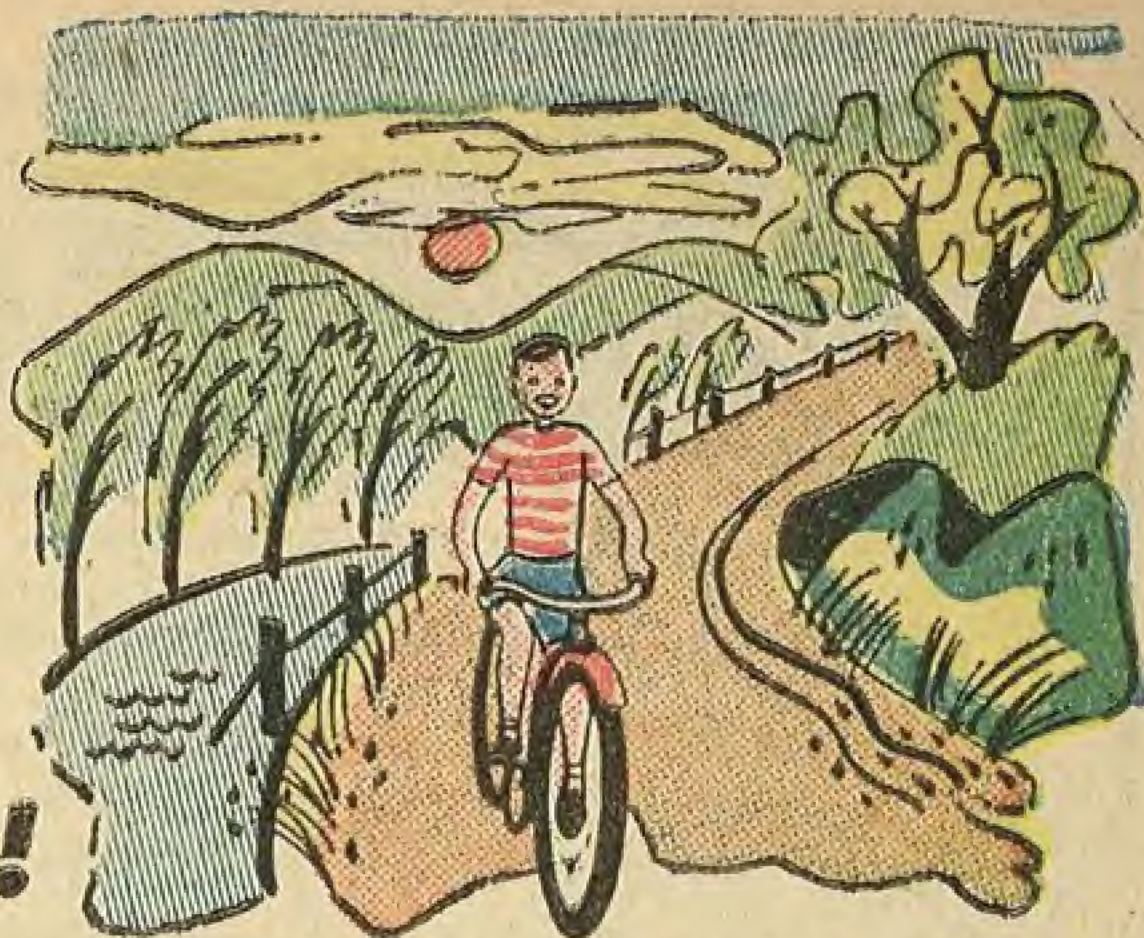
THE END!
18

"CHAIN REACTION"

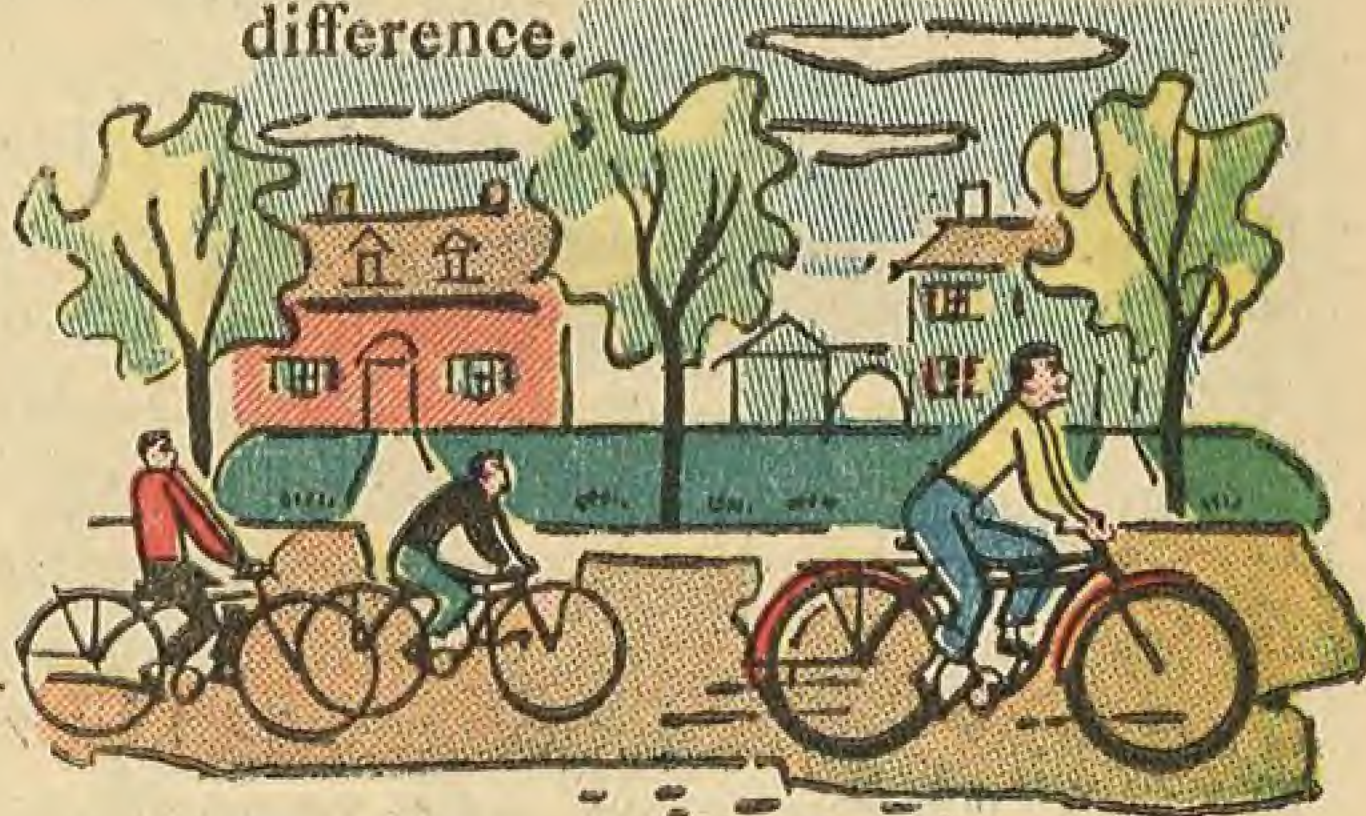
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Touch the brake—feel those "built-in skid chains" really grip... stop you on a dime!



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OUT *of the* NIGHT

ONLY A MAN with nerves of steel, such as myself, ought ever to commit murder," thought Herzen, as he listened to the wind roar outside the window of his lonely mansion. His business partner had been buried several days before, the purple marks of strangulation still visible, and now, he had only to maintain his studied calm... and he would be in the clear.

But it was strange how the voice of the wind had a low, ominous quality, and how the bare branches lashed against the window as if trying to break in...to get at him. "Bah!" he said aloud. "What am I...a child to be frightened by every sound? No, I am Fritz Herzen, with nerves of steel, a man who has planned and carried out a profitable murder...and then laughed in the faces of the stupid police! Ha! A few weeks more and all this will be forgotten, and I'll begin to enjoy the money. Meanwhile, I remain here, away from prying eyes!"

He snapped off the light and settled under the covers. Perhaps it would have been wiser to have at least a single servant in the house, if only for company. But no, that would be an admission of weakness. Besides, there was nothing to be afraid of. "I must put disturbing thoughts from my mind," he mumbled aloud again. "Sleep...rest...I need rest..." But rest did not come. He tossed, turned, saw again the face of his victim as it blackened under his iron fingers. Herzen shuddered violently, and listened to the sound of the moaning wind, and the lashing of the bare branches against the wooden shutters. Suddenly, a pale, eerie light crept into the room. "Fool!" he hissed to himself, "I forgot to draw the curtains." He got up to pull the blinds, but could not help looking at

the black sky, with the dark clouds racing before the moon, and the trees cowering before the stiff wind. The surrounding moors seemed utterly bleak and desolate...frightening...and then...

"No...it...it must be my imagination, it...can't be!" He squinted at the shrubbery around the high hedgerows. Suddenly he had to throw his hand to his throat to prevent himself from screaming, for gliding out of the shadows was the caped figure of a man...a man the same size...the same build...as...*his victim!*

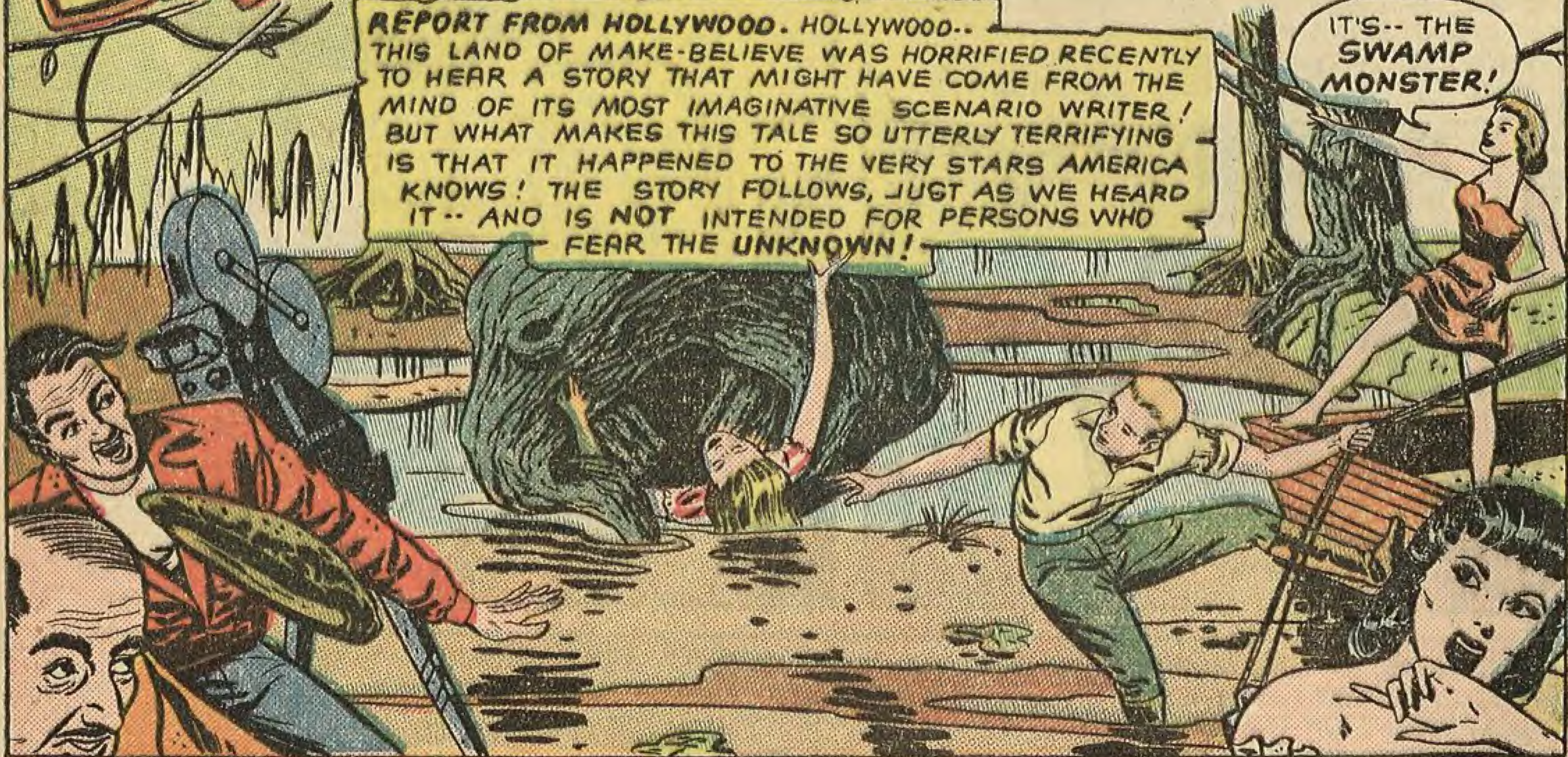
Bam! Bam! He gasped as the reverberations echoed through the empty house. "N...no! It...it's a hallucination! He's dead...I killed him...I saw him buried!" Herzen grabbed the gun he kept at his bedside and dashed out of his room, down the flight of stairs, as the knocking on the door became louder. Three steps from the door he stopped, and listened...but all was silence, except for the throbbing of his heart and the splatter of the sudden, driving rain. He waited...waited, and then, when he saw the caped figure loom at the window, suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning, he fired...until his gun was empty. He felt something snap in his brain. He had to get away, out of the house...or he would go mad! He bolted through the door, into the driving rain, and began to run, wildly, not knowing where he was going, or why. But he knew only that he had to get away. He felt himself drenched to the skin, chilled, breathing hard...and finally, when everything suddenly began to spin before him, he collapsed, face down in a pool of water, aware only of the screaming wind, the rain, and the mingled voices of the forest. Then he was aware of nothing.

He was quite dead when the police found him the next morning.

BRIDE of the SWAMP MONSTER

REPORT FROM HOLLYWOOD. HOLLYWOOD-- THIS LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE WAS HORRIFIED RECENTLY TO HEAR A STORY THAT MIGHT HAVE COME FROM THE MIND OF ITS MOST IMAGINATIVE SCENARIO WRITER! BUT WHAT MAKES THIS TALE SO UTTERLY TERRIFYING IS THAT IT HAPPENED TO THE VERY STARS AMERICA KNOWS! THE STORY FOLLOWS, JUST AS WE HEARD IT-- AND IS NOT INTENDED FOR PERSONS WHO FEAR THE UNKNOWN!

IT'S-- THE SWAMP MONSTER!



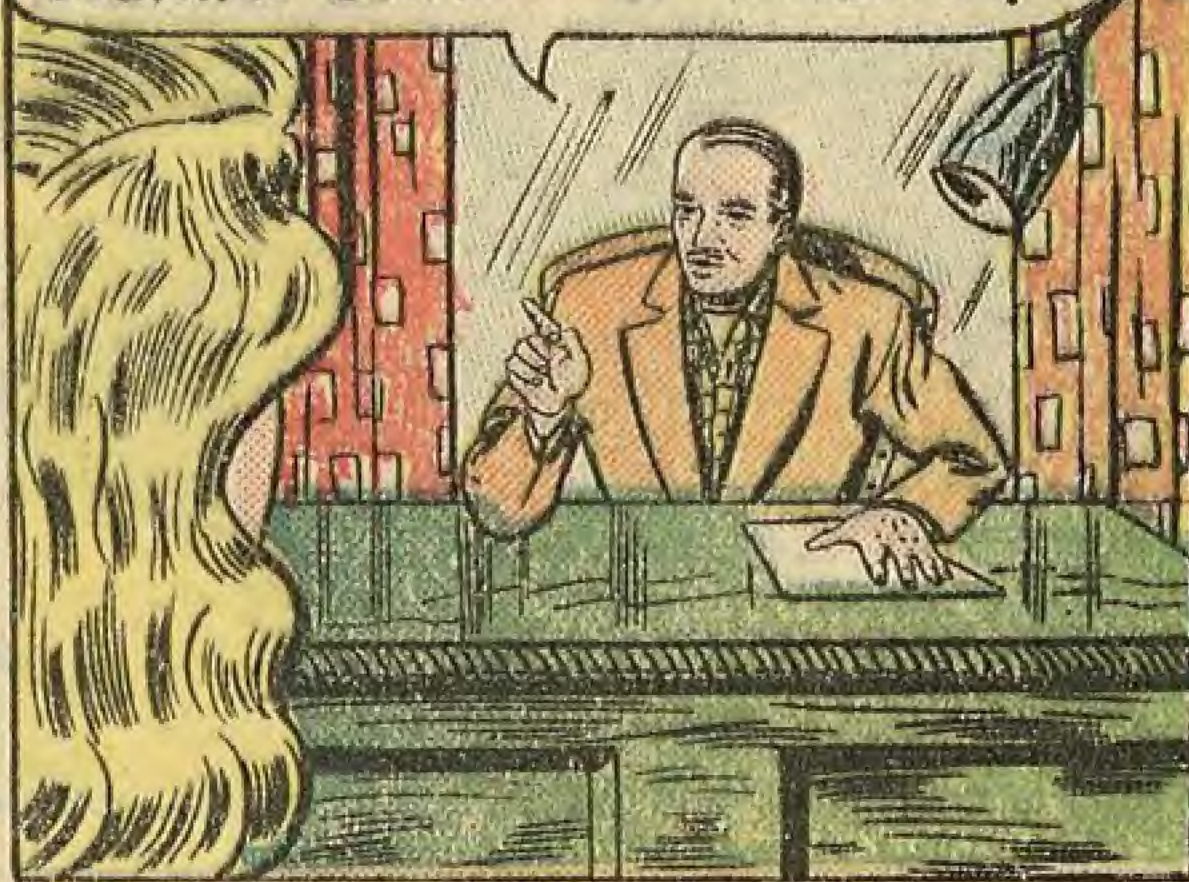
IT ALL STARTED A FEW MONTHS AGO, WHEN JIM LONG, FAMOUS DIRECTOR, CALLED MOVIE STARS LANCE CARSON AND LOLA MANN INTO HIS OFFICE...

LOLA, I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU YOUR **BIG CHANCE**-- I'M STARRING YOU IN A PICTURE WITH LANCE HERE! SINCE YOU'RE ALSO HIS FIANCEE, THE PUBLICITY WILL BE GREAT!

MR. LONG-- HOW WONDERFUL!



... AND HERE'S A CHANCE FOR EVEN **BETTER** PUBLICITY! THE PICTURE'S CALLED "THE SWAMP MAIDEN"! IT'LL BE MADE IN THE PLACE WHERE YOU WERE BORN AND RAISED-- THE **DISMAL SWAMP OF VIRGINIA!**



BUT LOLA'S REACTION TO THIS WAS ASTOUNDING! A LOOK OF SHEER TERROR FILLED HER LOVELY EYES...

OH, NO! NOT THERE! I... I CAN'T GO BACK TO--THE SWAMP!

WHA-A-AT? ARE YOU CRAZY? THIS PICTURE WILL MAKE MILLIONS!

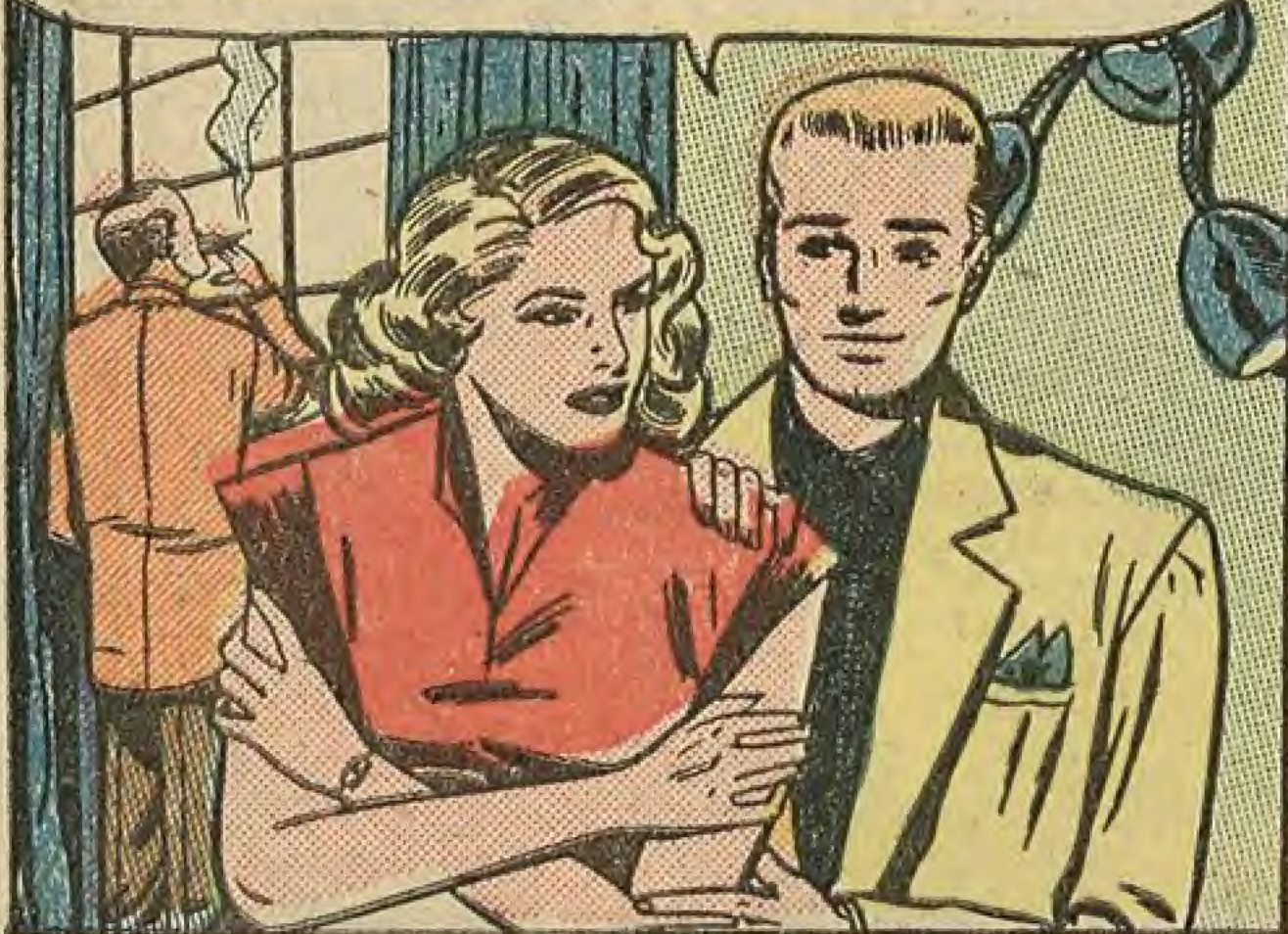
LOOK-- YOU'RE NOT WRECKING MY PLANS! EITHER YOU PLAY ALONG WITH US, OR IT'S **NO STARRING ROLE** FOR YOU! NO CONTRACT! YOU'LL LOSE EVERYTHING!

THAT'S BETTER THAN LOSING-- MY LIFE!



LANCE TRIED TO REASON WITH HIS SWEET-HEART--LITTLE KNOWING THAT HE WOULD REGRET IT-- FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

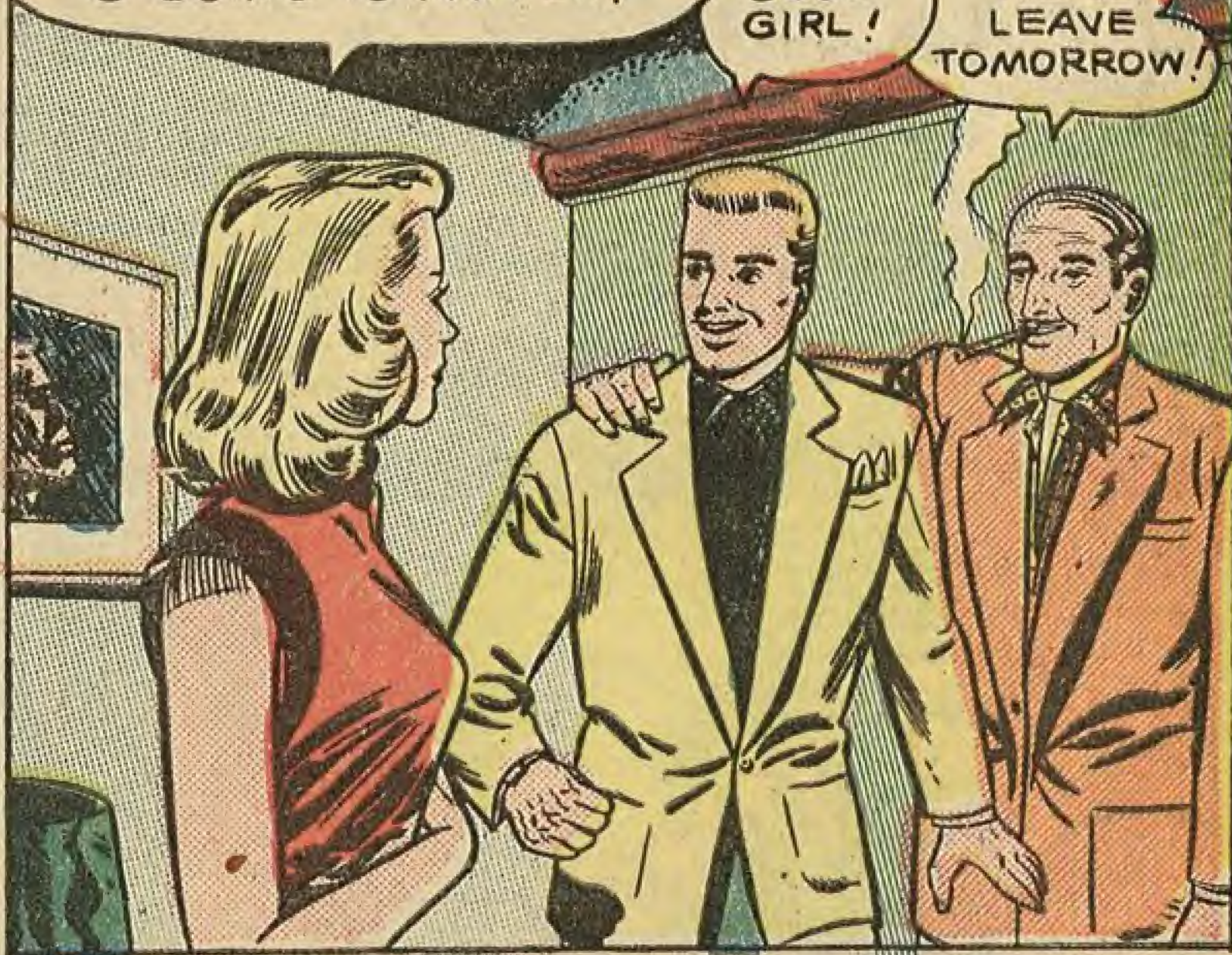
DARLING.. GO WITH US! THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT SWAMP TO BE AFRAID OF-- NOT WITH ME AT YOUR SIDE! AFTER ALL, THIS IS 20TH CENTURY AMERICA!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO-- BECAUSE I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'M A SILLY LITTLE FOOL! BUT I KNOW SOMETHING AWFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN!

GOOD GIRL!

WE'LL LEAVE TOMORROW!



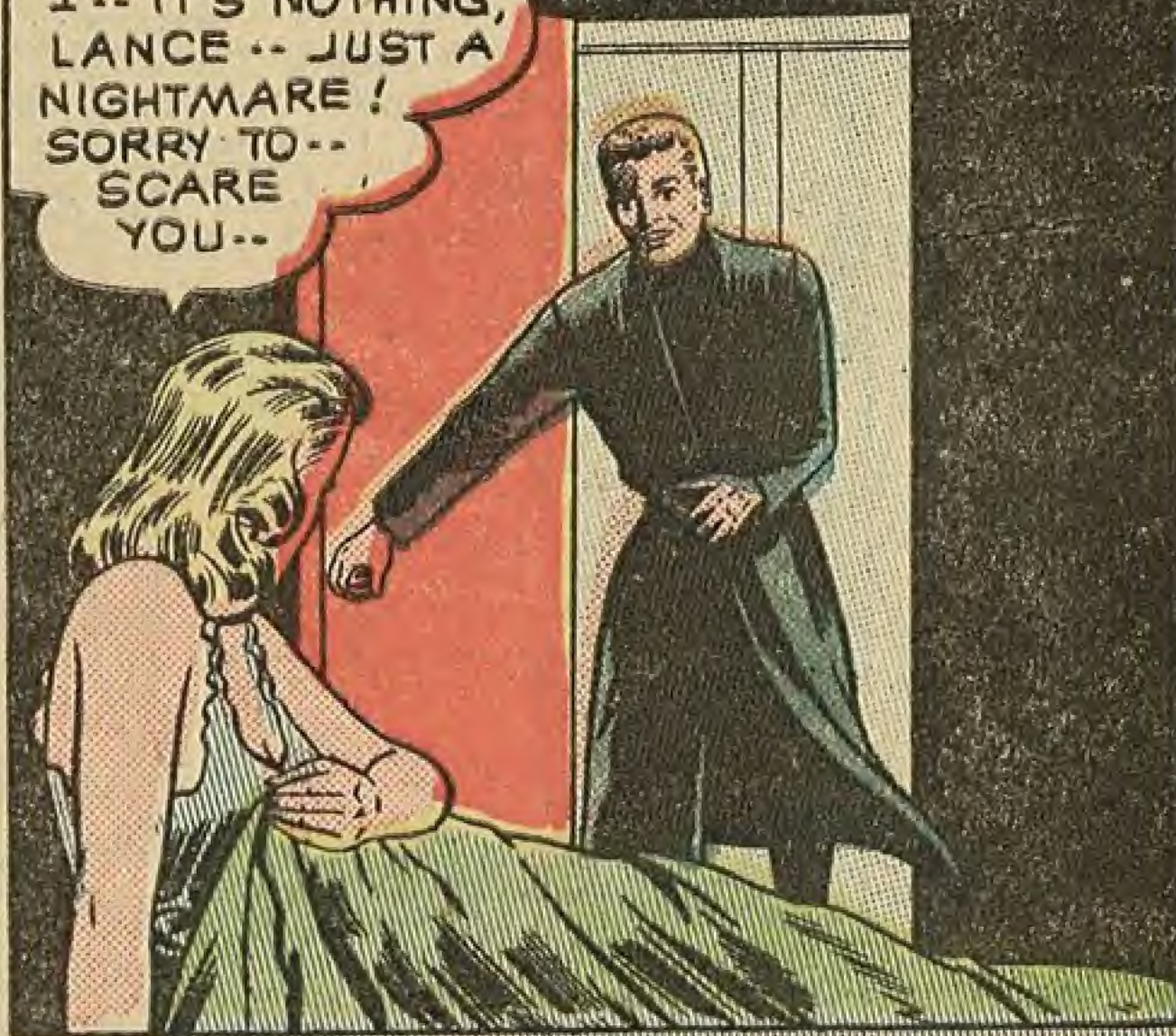
AND THUS, IN THIS GLAMOROUS SETTING--THE SCENE WAS LAID FOR-- HORROR! THE FIRST HINT CAME NEXT NIGHT ON THE TRAIN SPEEDING EASTWARD--



IT-- IT'S THE SWAMP MONSTER! DON'T LET HIM GET ME! HELP!

LOLA, DEAR-- WHAT'S WRONG?

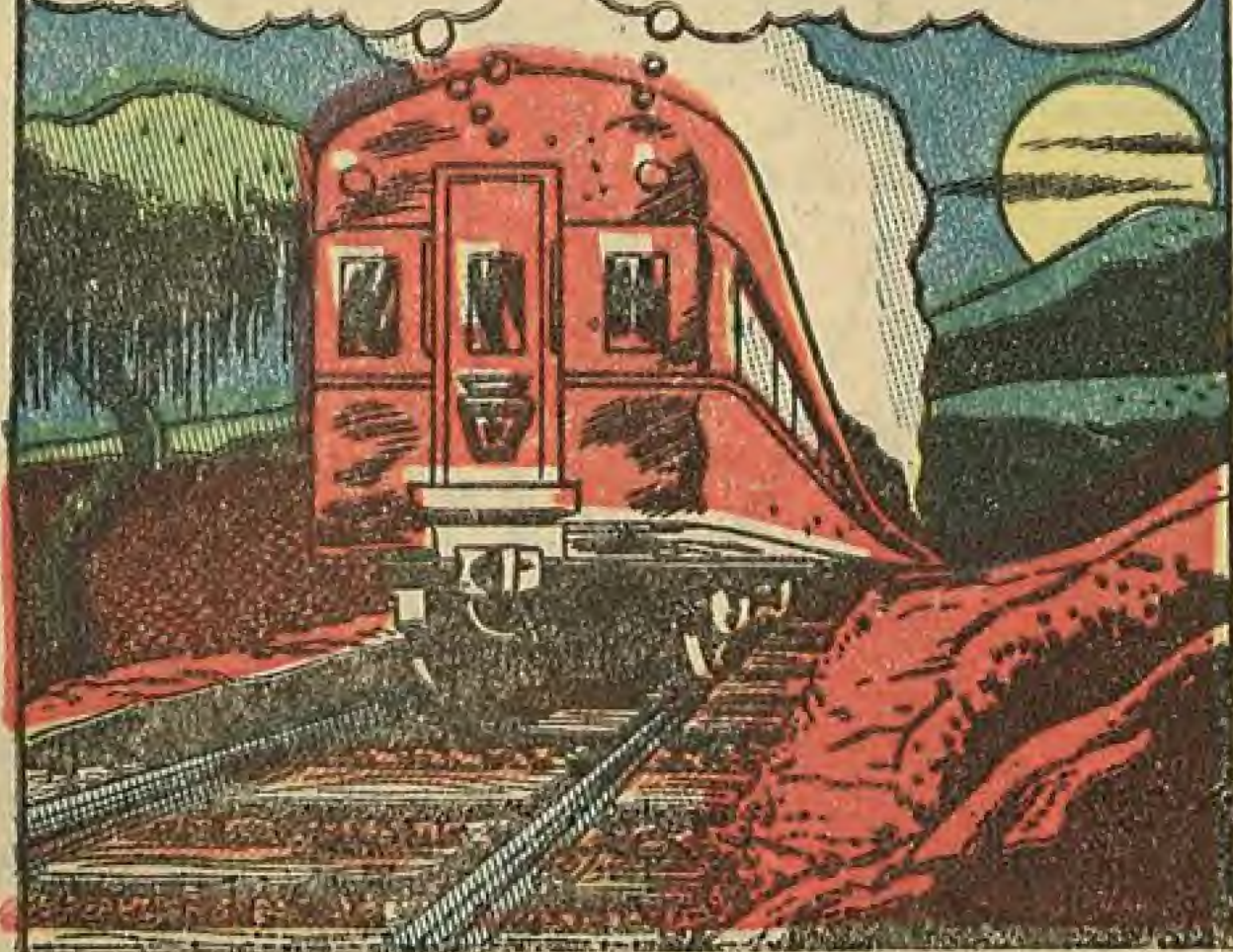
I-- IT'S NOTHING, LANCE-- JUST A NIGHTMARE! SORRY TO-- SCARE YOU--



AND AS THE TRAIN SPED THROUGH THE NIGHT, SLEEP, FOR TWO OF ITS PASSENGERS, WAS ENDED...

I-- I CAN'T TELL THEM THE TRUTH! THEY'LL THINK I'M INSANE!

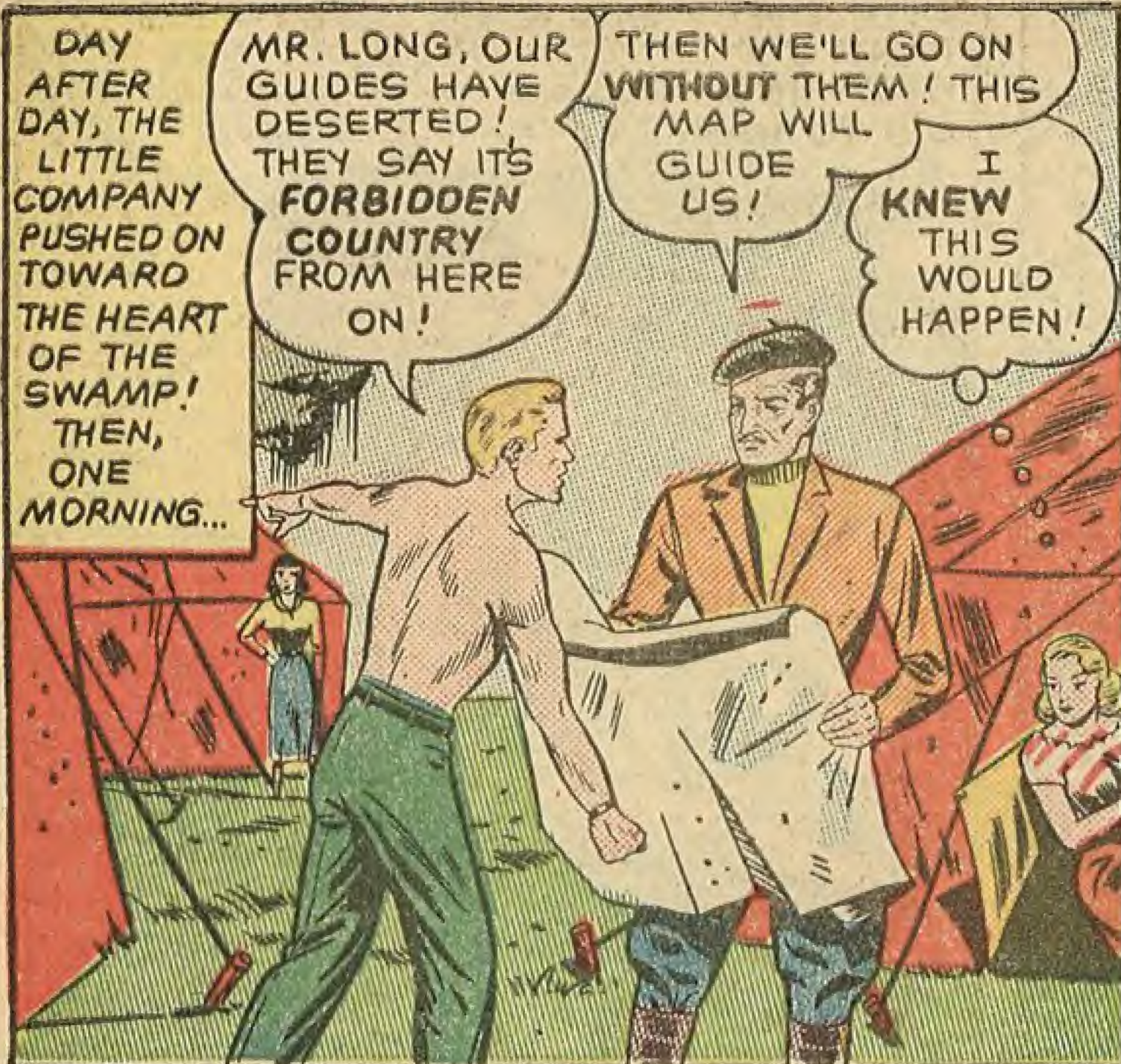
SHE WAS SHAKING WITH HORROR! MAY BE MORE TO THIS THAN I THOUGHT!



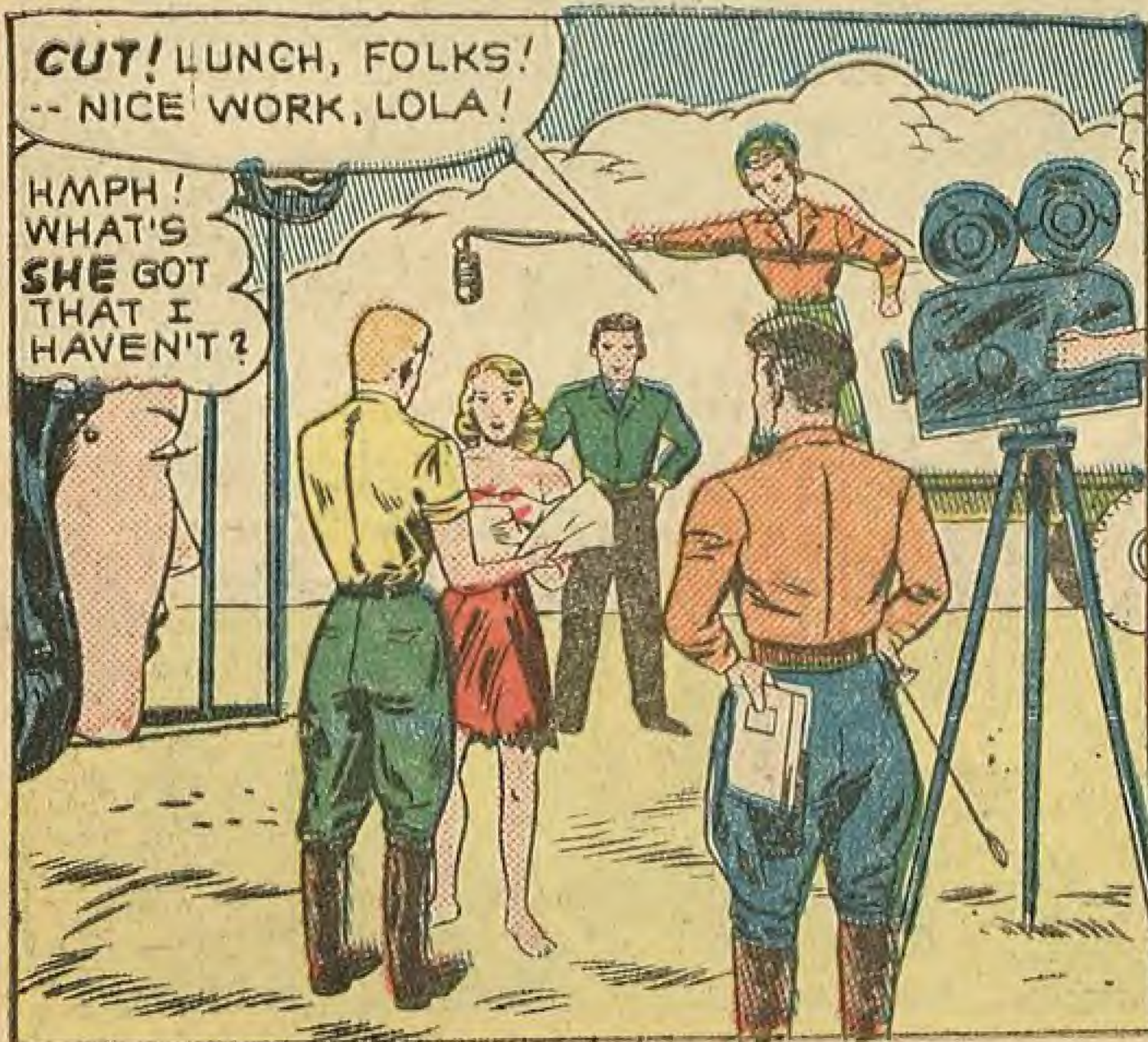
A FEW DAYS LATER...

WELL, HERE IT IS!--THE DISMAL SWAMP OF VIRGINIA! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE MOVIE HISTORY!





AND NOW, CAMP WAS MADE AND THE CAMERAS BEGAN GRINDING! FOR A FEW DAYS, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE AWFUL TRAGEDY THAT, EVEN THEN, WAS IN THE MAKING...



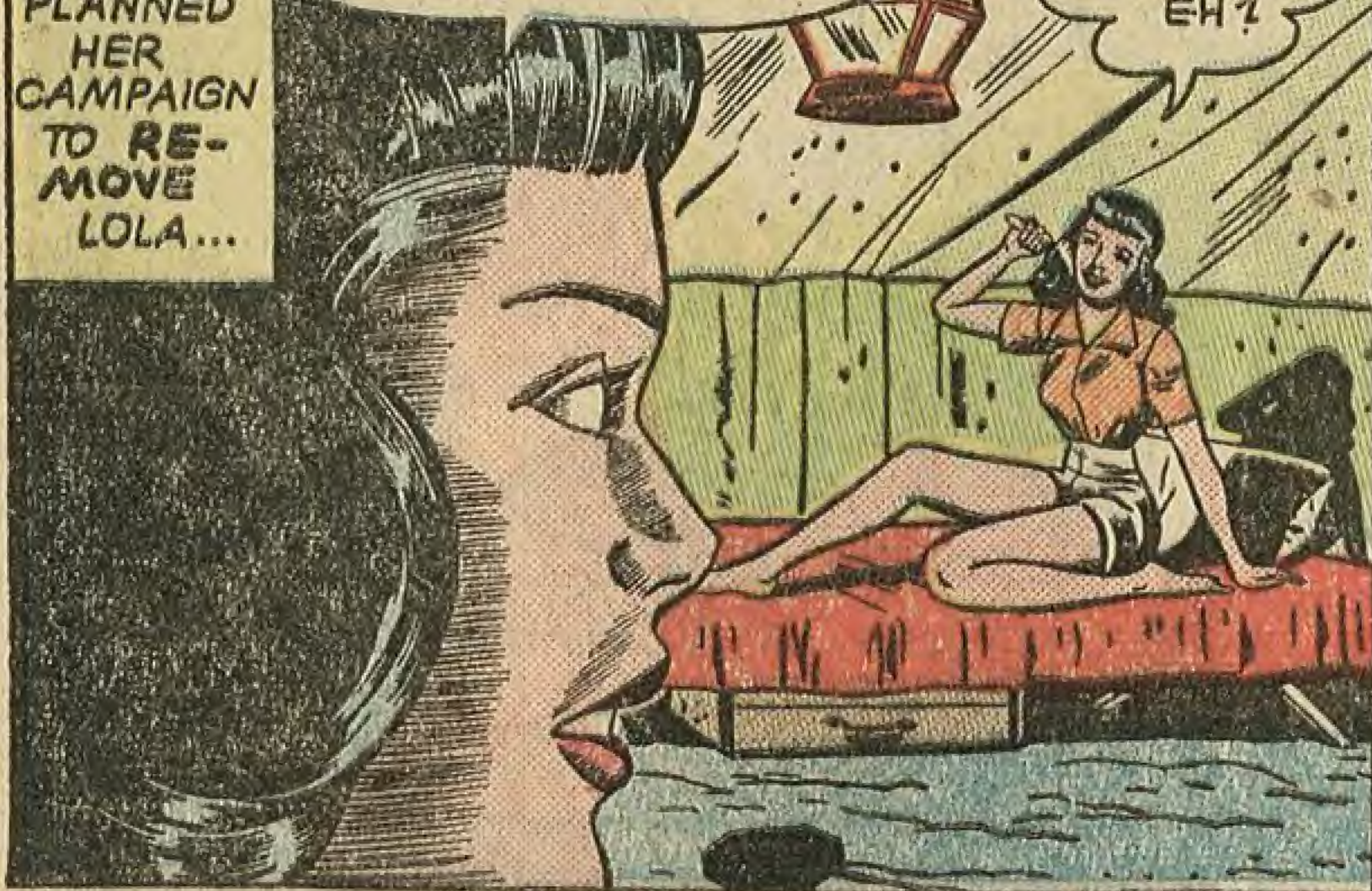
THE TROUBLE STARTED WHEN HILARY GLEN, LOLA'S STAND-IN, DREW JIM ASIDE...



BUT HILARY WAS NOT TO BE OUTDONE! VICIOUSLY, SHE PLANNED HER CAMPAIGN TO REMOVE LOLA...

Y'KNOW, PEG-- LOLA IS AFRAID OF SOMETHING IN THIS SWAMP! IF SHE BECAME FRIGHTENED ENOUGH TO HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN-- I'D BE THE STAR!

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND PICTURES, EH?



LATE THAT NIGHT...

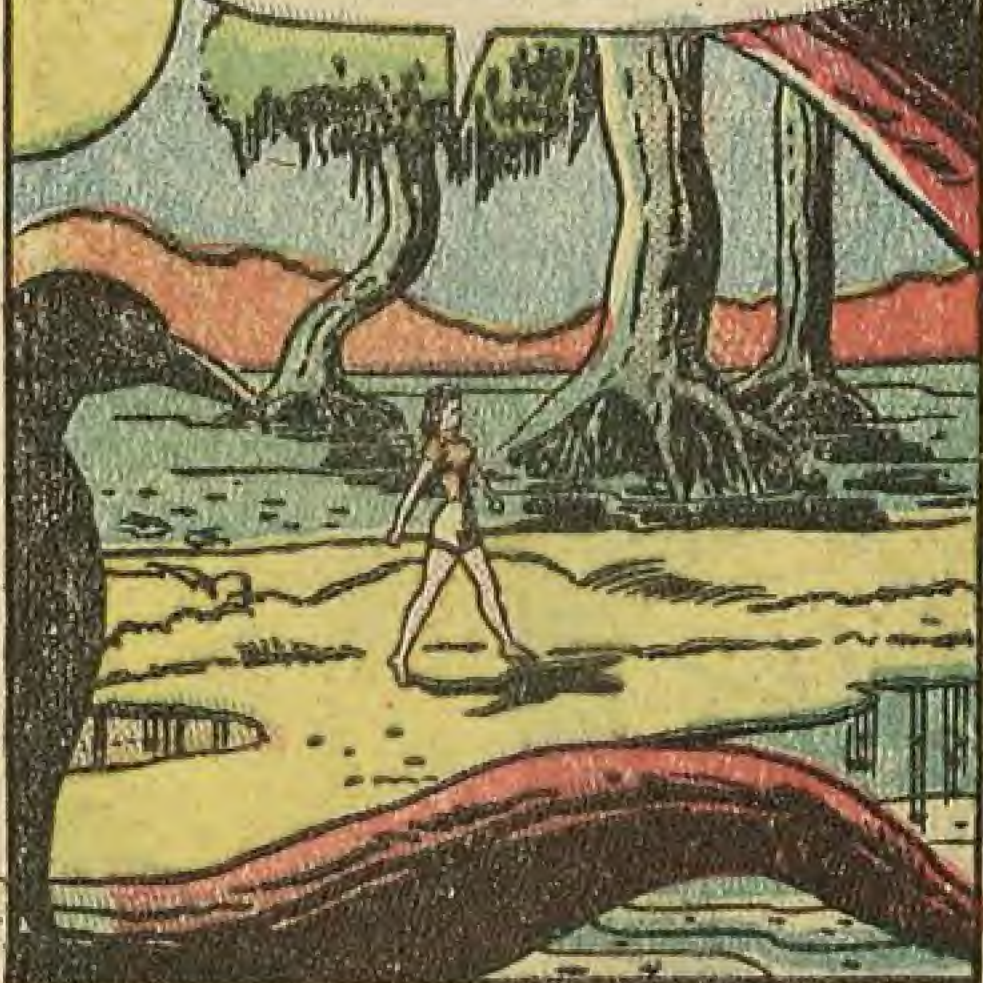
PSST-- PEG! I'M GOING OUT FOR AWHILE-- DON'T BE SURPRISED AT ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS!

OKAY-- JUST DON'T GET LOST IN THE SWAMP!



QUIETLY, HILARY MADE HER WAY INTO THE SWAMP, ENVY AND JEALOUSY OVERCOMING HER FEAR...

I'LL JUST SCREAM A FEW TIMES! THAT SHOULD SCARE LOLA HALF TO DEATH!



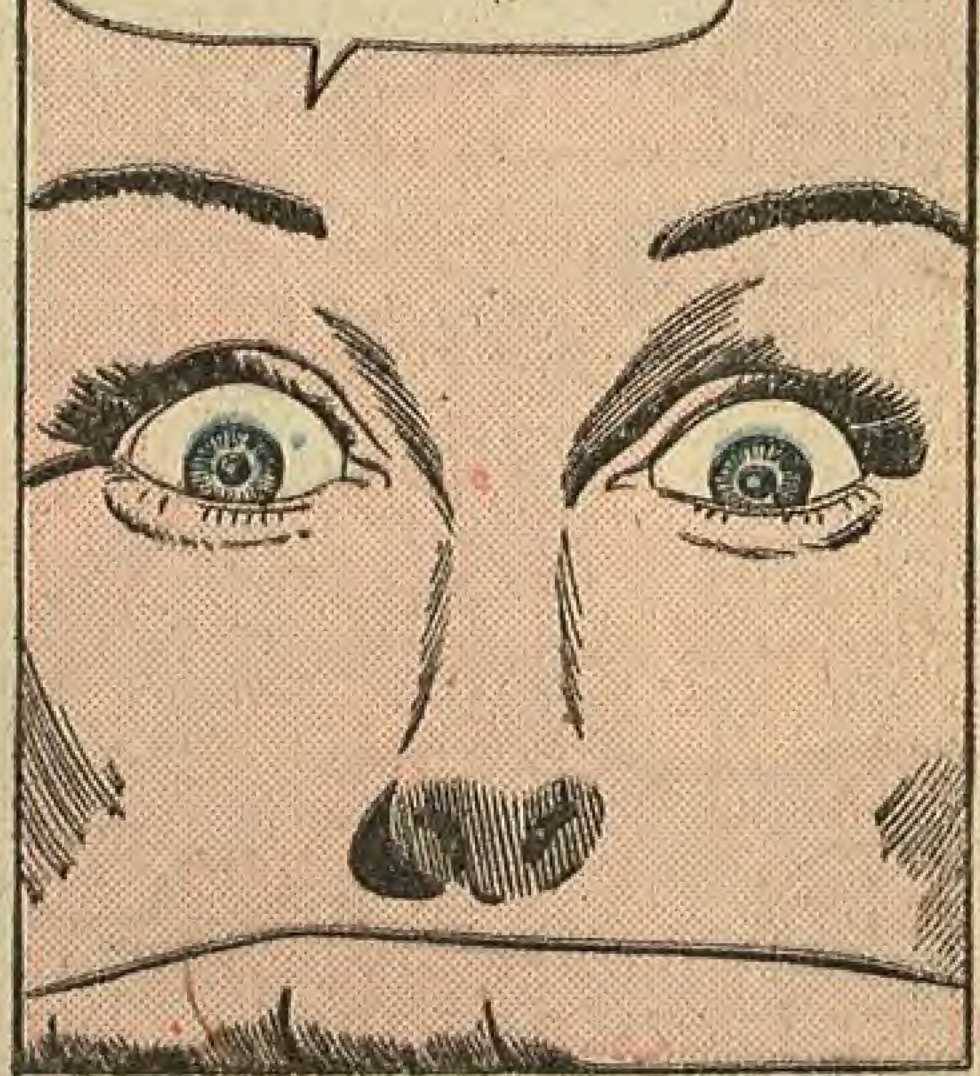
BUT THEN, AS THE MOON VANISHED BEHIND A CLOUD-- DISASTER!

MY FOOT'S CAUGHT IN A ROOT! I-- CAN'T MOVE!



AND WHEN A STRANGE NOISE CAUSED THE GIRL TO LOOK UP, SHE SAW-- DEATH!

IT'S MOVING! IT'S ALIVE! NO-- NO! HELP!



EMERGING, THE MOON LOOKED DOWN ON A GRISLY SCENE!

AAAGHHHHNNN!



NOT FAR AWAY, THE CAMP WAS AROUSED BY HILARY'S SCREAMS...

WHAT WAS THAT?

IS EVERYBODY HERE? WHERE'S HILARY?

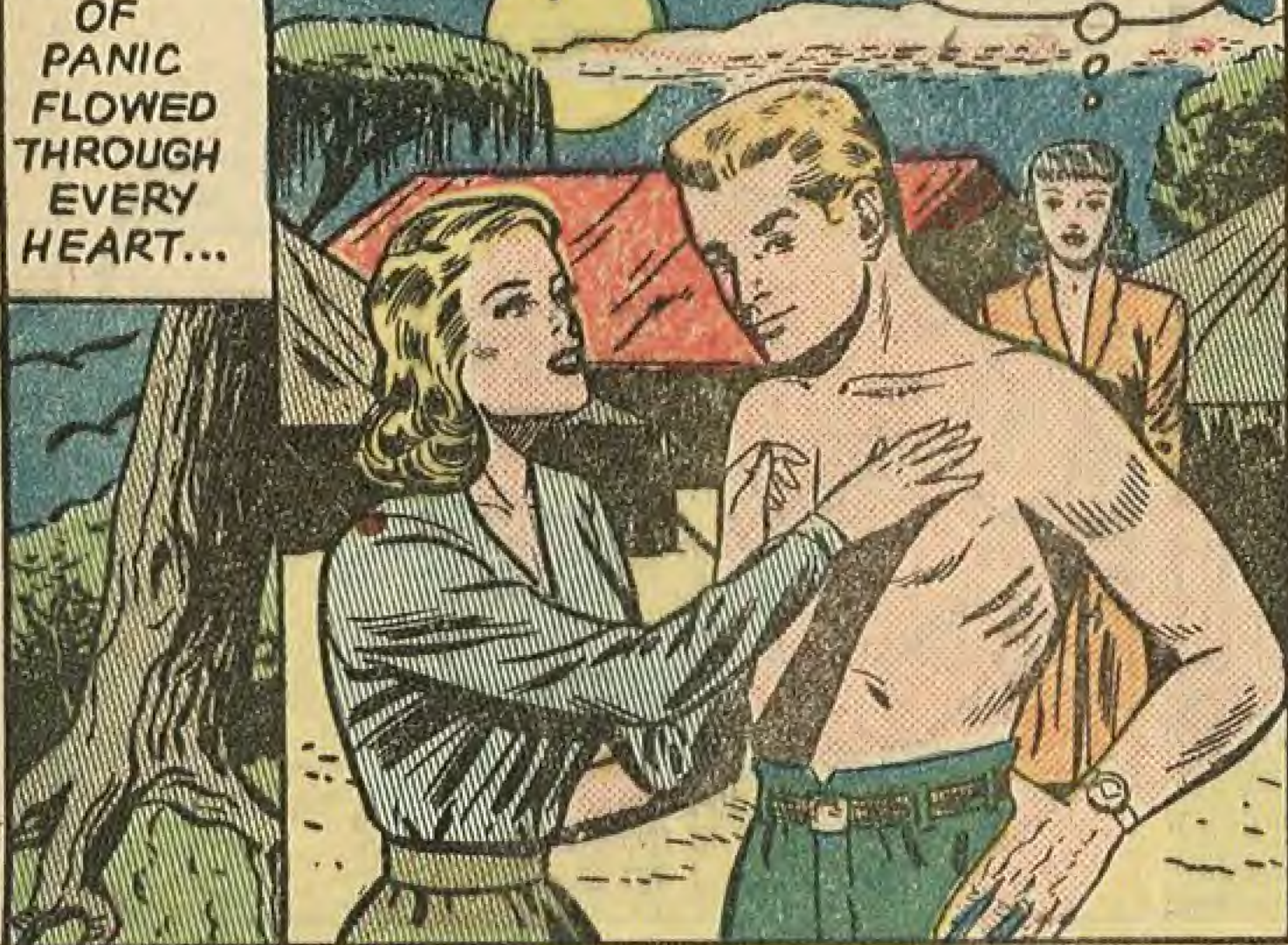
THE SWAMP MONSTER'S GOT HER-- I KNOW IT!



AT LOLA'S WORDS, AN ICY CHILL OF PANIC FLOWED THROUGH EVERY HEART...

LANCE--WE MUST LEAVE THE SWAMP-- AT ONCE -- OR THE MONSTER WILL GET ALL OF US!

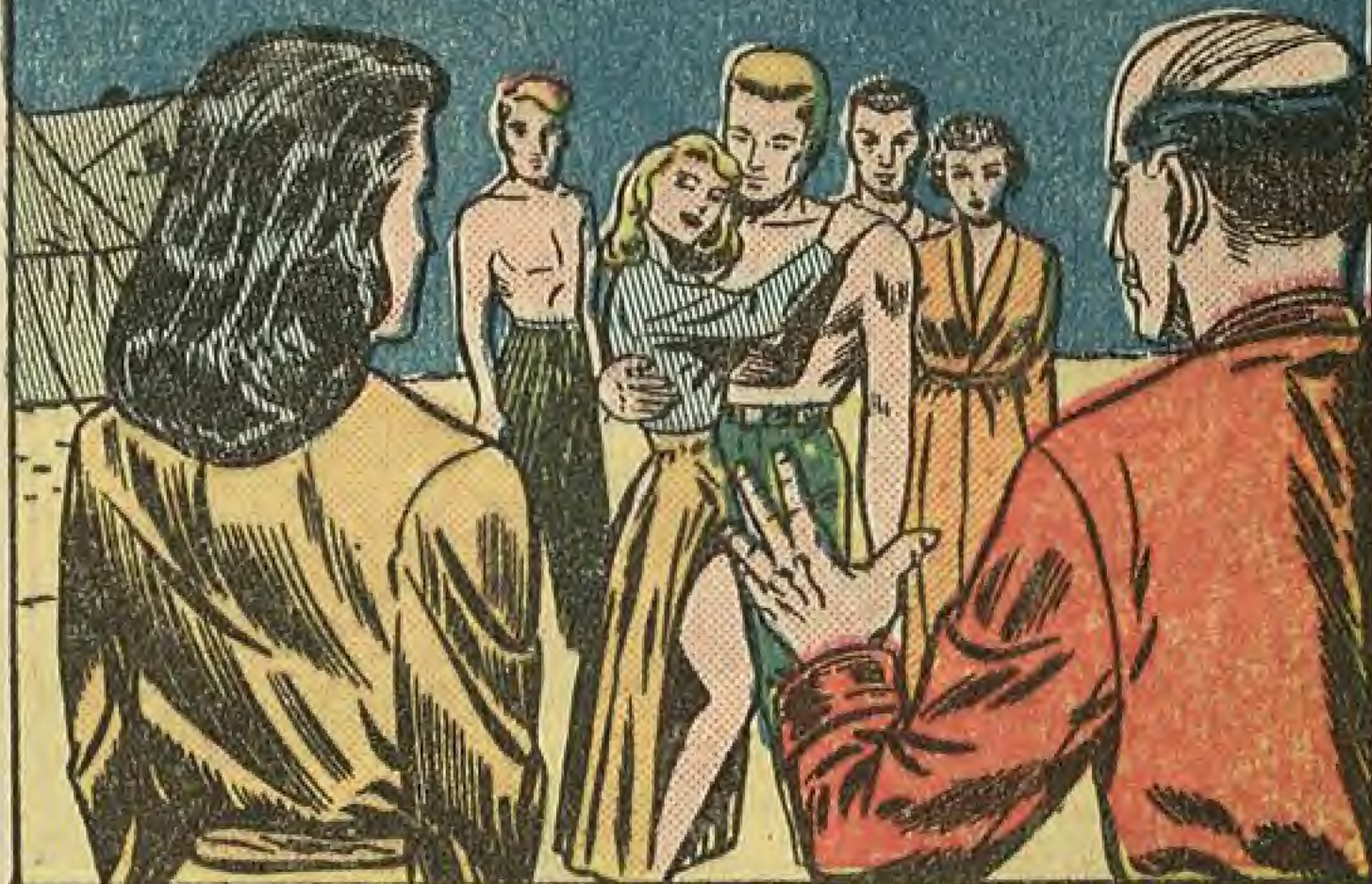
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!



LISTEN, EVERYBODY, RELAX! THIS WAS JUST HILARY PLAYING A JOKE -- AT LOLA'S EXPENSE!

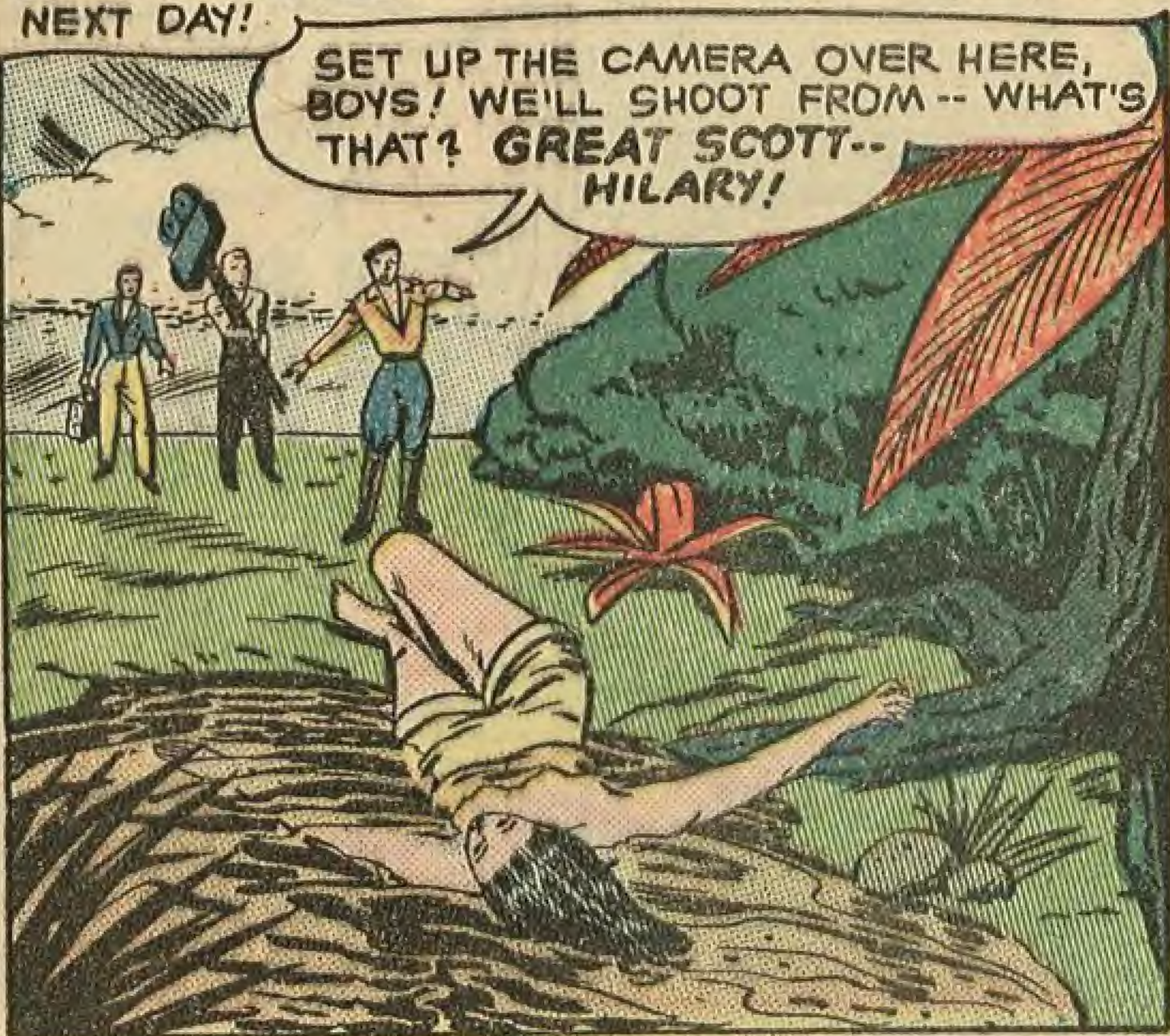
THERE! YOU SEE, BABY? YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS!

OKAY, BACK TO BED, FOLKS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HILARY IN THE MORNING!



OH, NO, JIM! HILARY WAS ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF-- AS YOU FOUND OUT WHEN YOU STARTED WORK NEXT DAY!

SET UP THE CAMERA OVER HERE, BOYS! WE'LL SHOOT FROM -- WHAT'S THAT? GREAT SCOTT-- HILARY!



NOTHING-- HUMAN COULD HAVE DONE THAT TO HER!

IT WAS--THE SWAMP MONS-- OHHH!

SHE'S FAINTED!



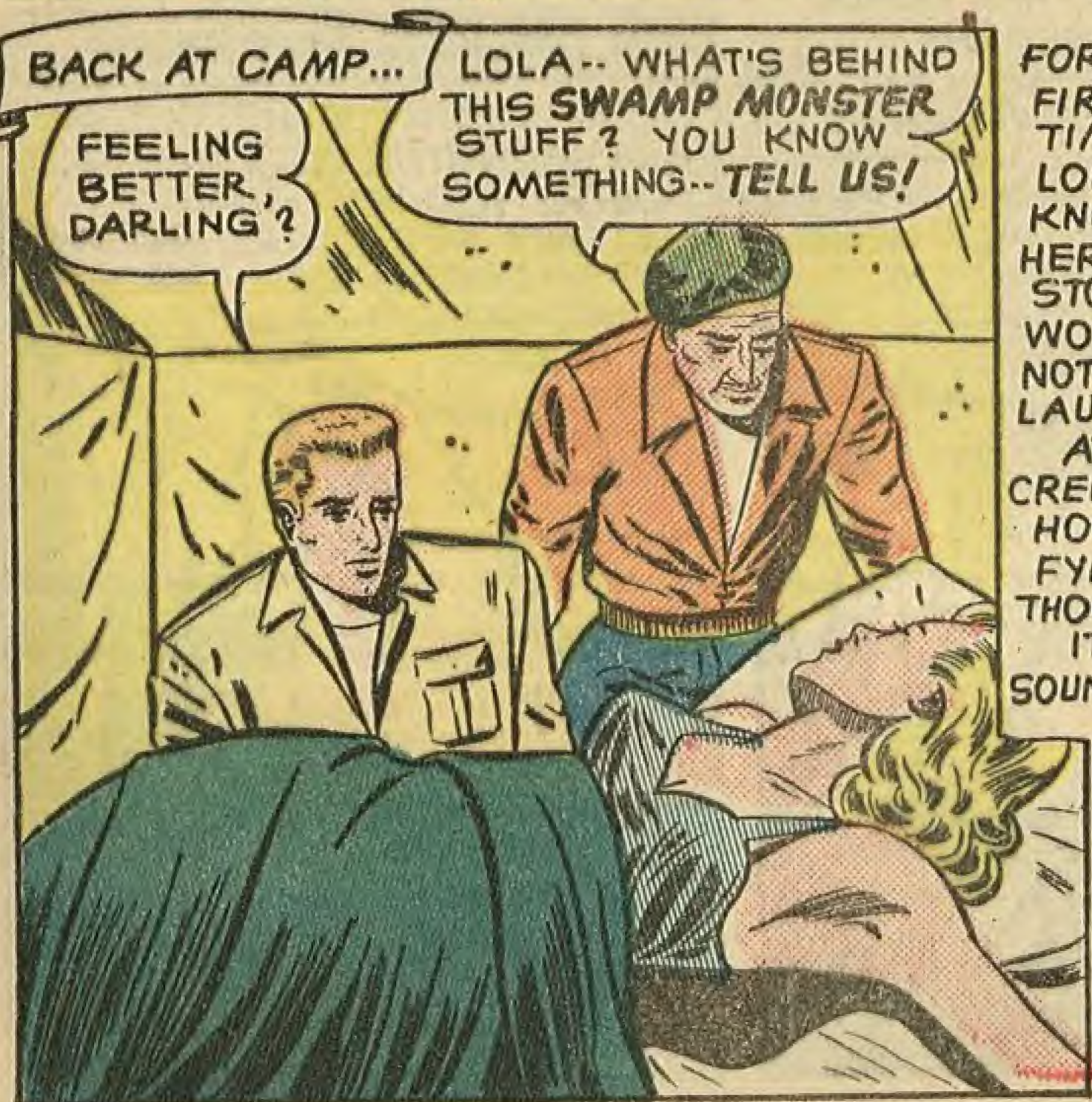
BACK AT CAMP...

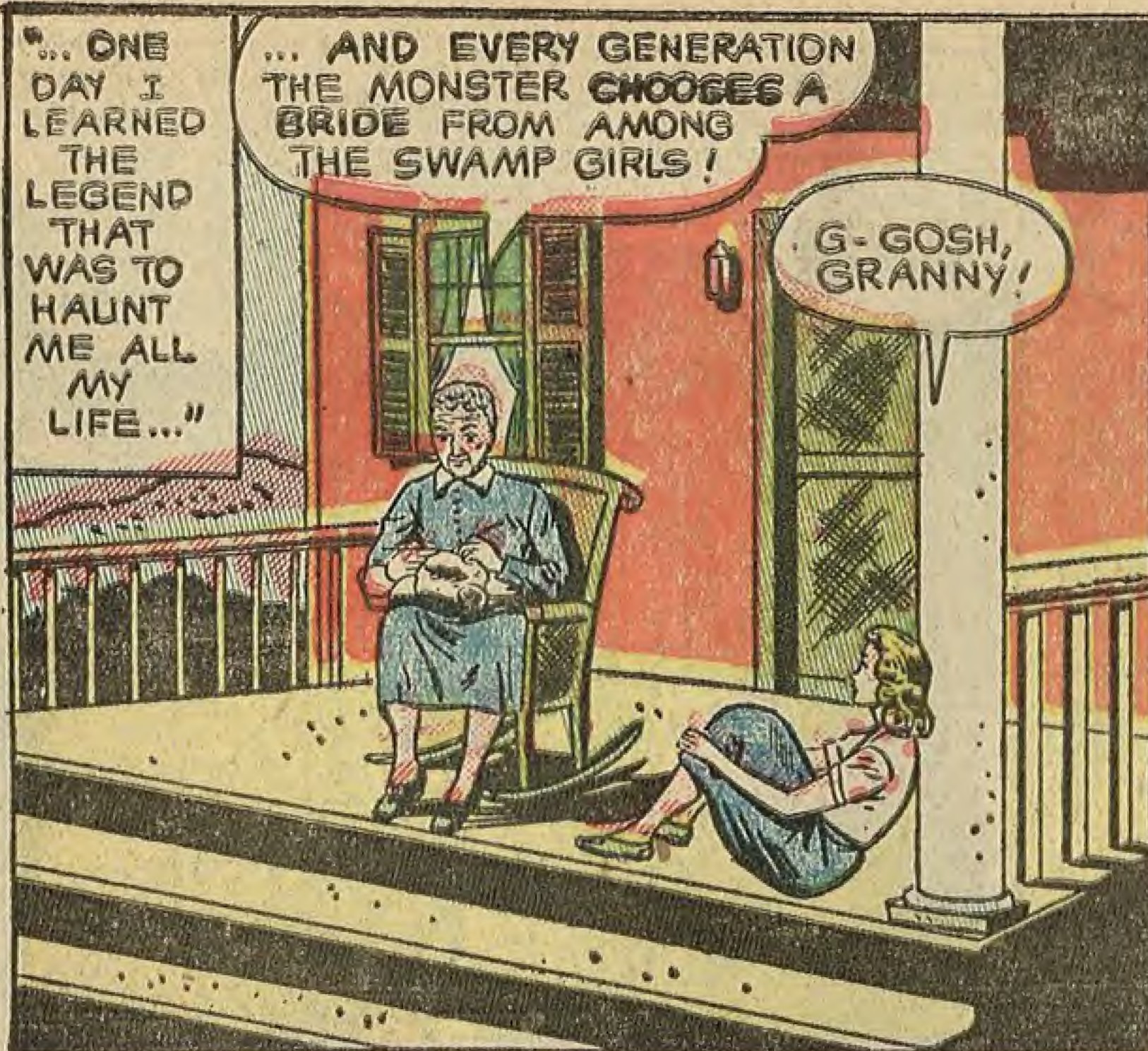
FEELING BETTER, DARLING?

LOLA-- WHAT'S BEHIND THIS SWAMP MONSTER STUFF? YOU KNOW SOMETHING-- TELL US!

FOR THE FIRST TIME, LOLA KNEW HER STORY WOULD NOT BE LAUGHED AT, INCREDIBLY HORRIFYING THOUGH IT SOUNDED!

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, HERE IN THIS VERY SWAMP, MY GRANDMOTHER USED TO TELL ME FRIGHTENING TALES ABOUT THE MONSTER! AT FIRST, I DIDN'T BELIEVE THEM...





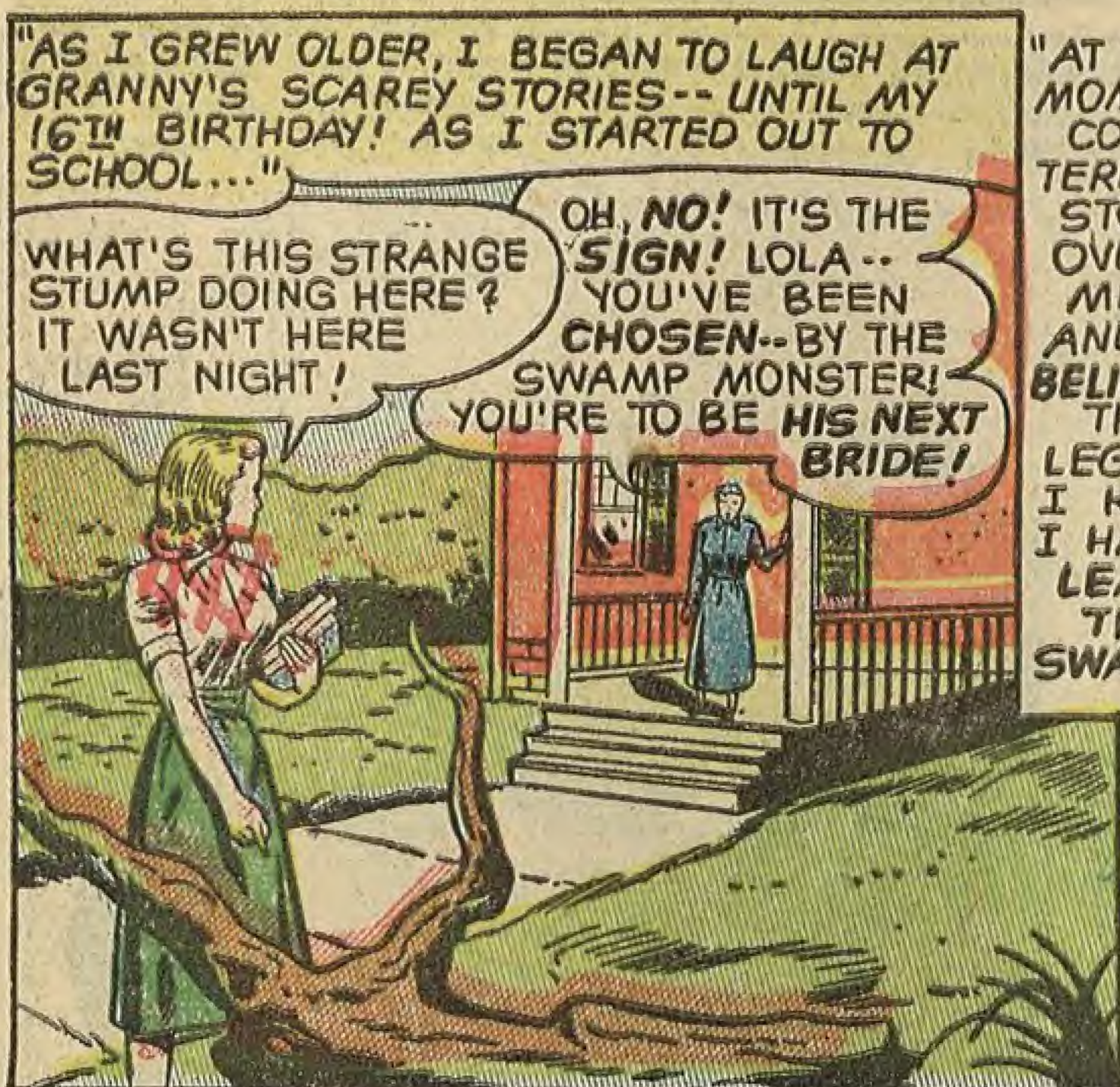
"... ONE DAY I LEARNED THE LEGEND THAT WAS TO HAUNT ME ALL MY LIFE..."

... AND EVERY GENERATION THE MONSTER CHOOSES A BRIDE FROM AMONG THE SWAMP GIRLS!

G-GOSH, GRANNY!



THE LAST BRIDE WAS--YOUR MOTHER! IT HAPPENED JUST AFTER YOU WERE BORN-- YOUR FATHER WAS KILLED TRYING TO SAVE HER!

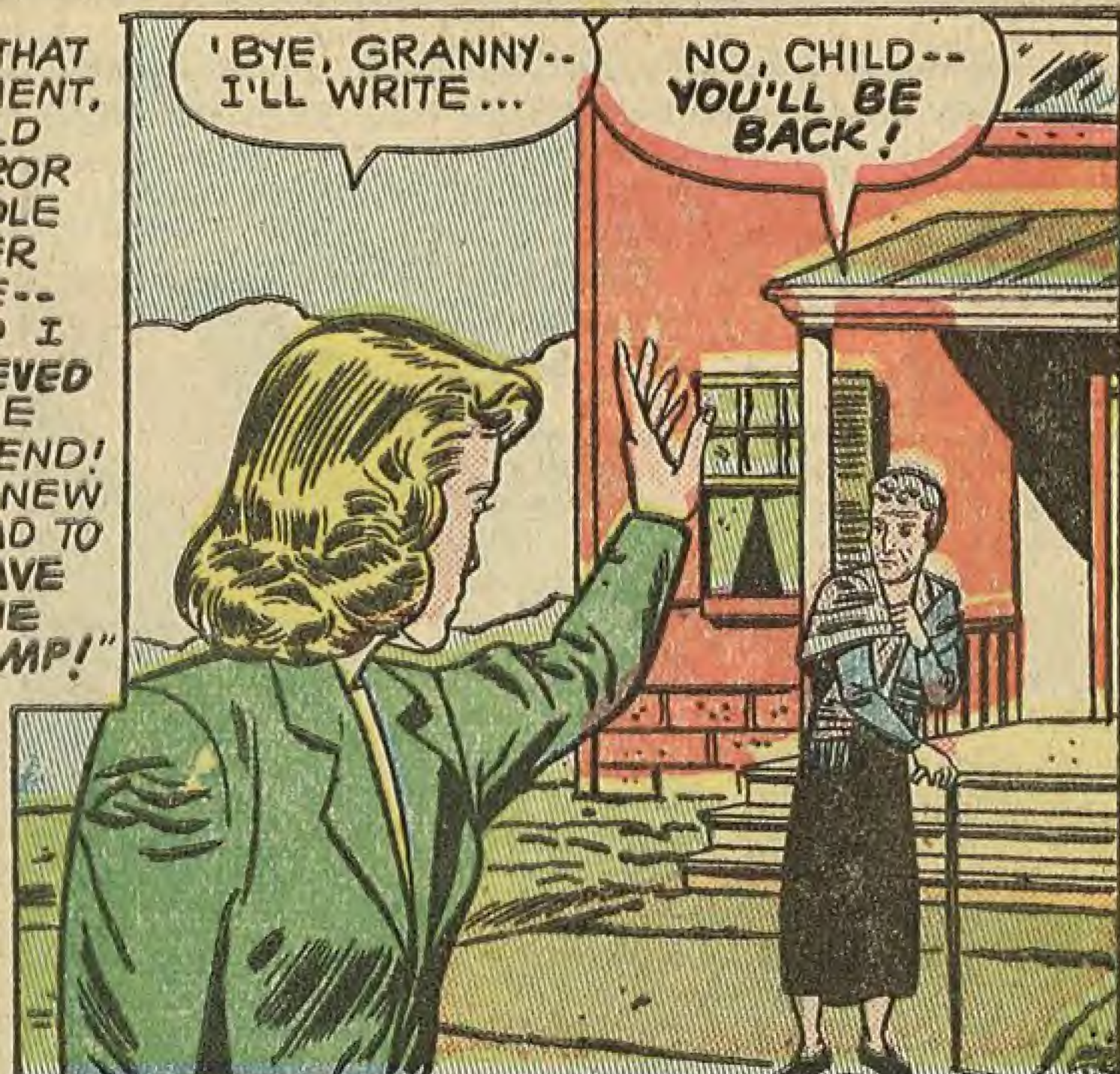


"AS I GREW OLDER, I BEGAN TO LAUGH AT GRANNY'S SCAREY STORIES-- UNTIL MY 16TH BIRTHDAY! AS I STARTED OUT TO SCHOOL..."

WHAT'S THIS STRANGE STUMP DOING HERE? IT WASN'T HERE LAST NIGHT!

OH, NO! IT'S THE SIGN! LOLA-- YOU'VE BEEN CHOSEN-- BY THE SWAMP MONSTER! YOU'RE TO BE HIS NEXT BRIDE!

"AT THAT MOMENT, COLD TERROR STOLE OVER ME-- AND I BELIEVED THE LEGEND! I KNEW I HAD TO LEAVE THE SWAMP!"



'BYE, GRANNY-- I'LL WRITE...

NO, CHILD-- YOU'LL BE BACK!



ONCE CHOSEN, YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE THE SWAMP MONSTER! YOU **MUST** RETURN TO BE HIS BRIDE!

"I WAS AGHAST AT HER WORDS! BUT-- I WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD, BECAME AN ACTRESS-- AND FORGOT OLD GRANNY'S WARNING..."

NOW YOU KNOW WHY I WAS SO AFRAID TO COME BACK HERE! IT WAS LIKE GRANNY'S TERRIBLE PROPHECY COME TRUE!



HER DREADFUL TALE ENDED...

DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART-- ANY MONSTER WHO WANTS TO MARRY YOU WILL HAVE TO GET MY PERSONAL PERMISSION! GET SOME SLEEP, NOW--

OUTSIDE THE TENT...

LOLA'S STORY WAS JUST FOLKLORE! I'M SURE HILARY WAS KILLED BY A BEAR! SO LET'S FINISH THE PICTURE!

NO, LANCE! THERE WAS A RING OF TRUTH ABOUT WHAT SHE SAID-- AND I'M NOT INVITING DEATH! WE'RE PULLING OUT OF HERE!

NEXT MORNING, THE FEAR-STRICKEN ACTORS WERE OVER-JOYED AT JIM'S ORDERS...



OKAY, KIDS! PACK UP! WE'LL FINISH THE PICTURE IN HOLLYWOOD!

SWELL!

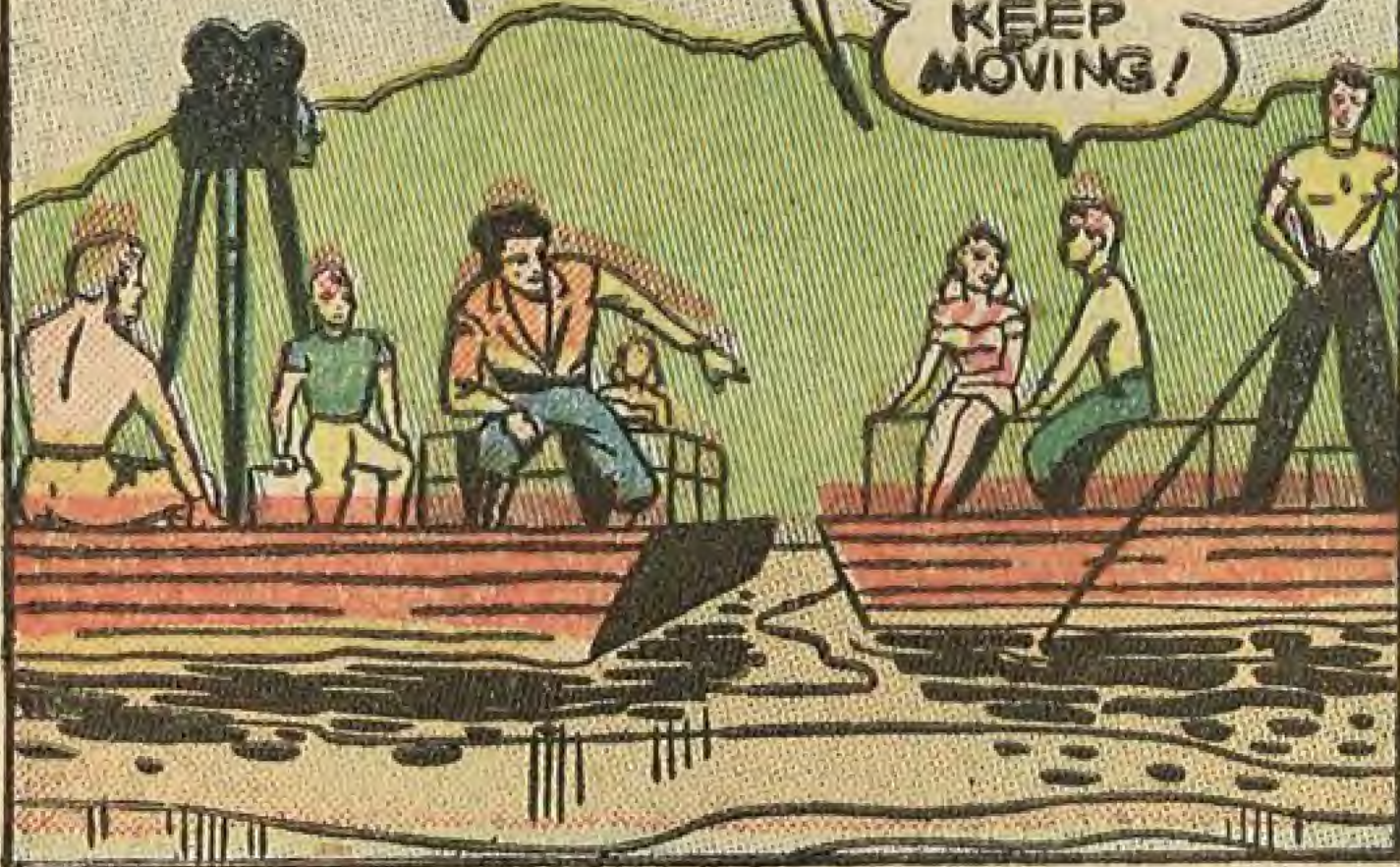


AN HOUR LATER-- BOUND FOR HOME--

SAY, YOU TWO-- WHY WASTE THIS SCENERY? LET'S DO YOUR BIG LOVE SCENE-- WHILE WE'RE TRAVELING!

I-- I GUESS SO-- BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! IT'S DANGEROUS TO--

OH, COME ON, BABY-- WE'LL KEEP MOVING!



WHAT, INDEED? WHAT MIND COULD IMAGINE THE SPINE-CHILLING CREATURE THAT PROVED NIGHTMARISHLY REAL? THIS WAS-- THE SWAMP MONSTER!



THE PROPHECY-- IT CAME TRUE!

IT'S A TREE-- BUT-- IT-- WALKS!

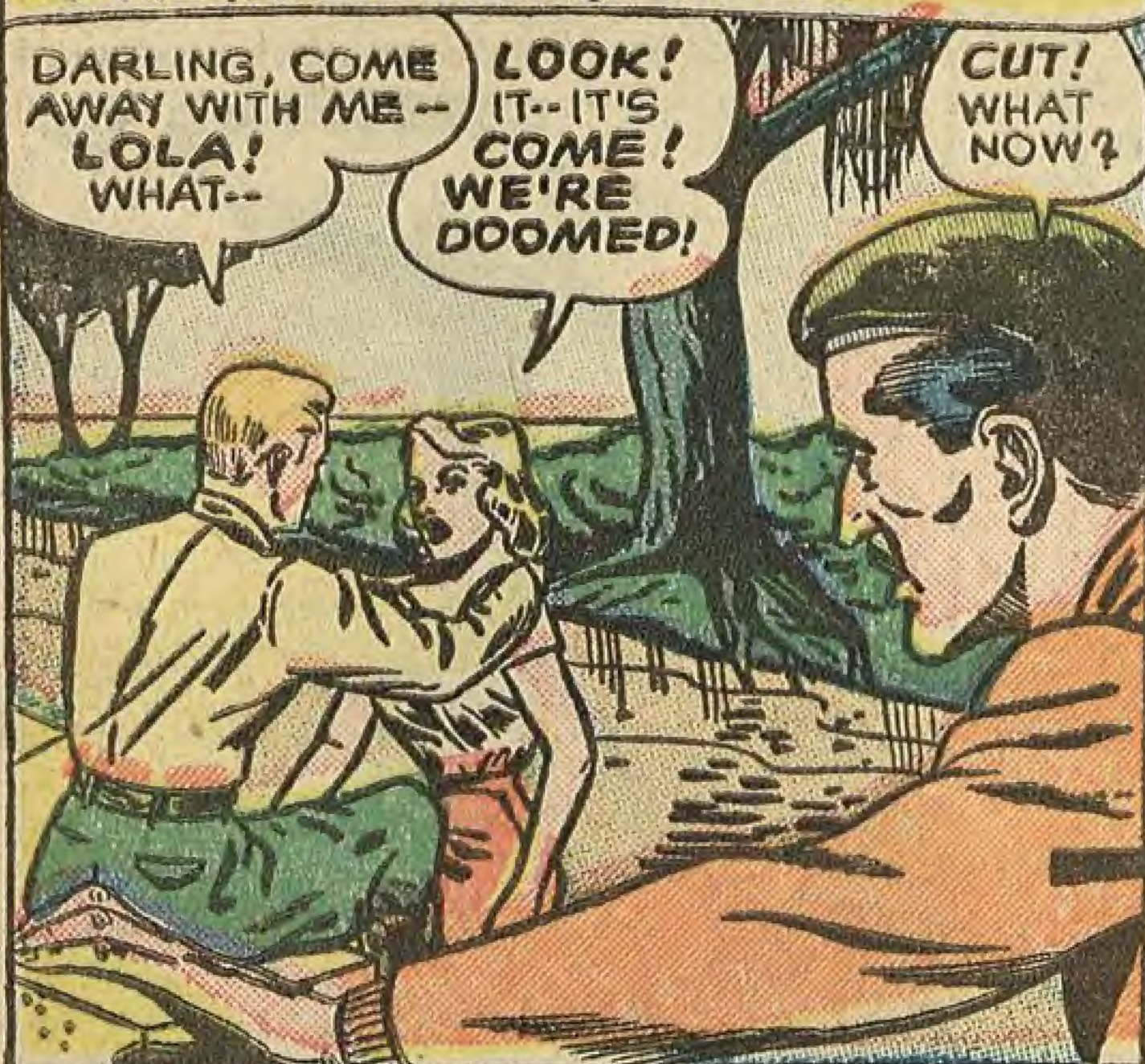
THAT THING'S ALIVE!

... AND SO-- FROM THE MIDST OF PARADISE-- TO THE MAELSTROM OF HADES!

DARLING, COME AWAY WITH ME-- LOLA! WHAT--

LOOK! IT-- IT'S COME! WE'RE DOOMED!

CUT! WHAT NOW?



AND THEN--THE MONSTER
ATTACKED!

RUN, LANCE,
RUN-- WHILE
JIM HAS
THE
MONSTER'S
ATTENTION!

JIM!
YOU
FOOL!

BOY! WHAT
A SHOT!
IT'LL
MAKE
MILL--



AS THE HEROIC DIRECTOR
GAVE ONE FINAL SCREAM
OF AGONY...



... LANCE AND LOLA TOOK THIS
ONLY CHANCE TO MAKE A
DASH FOR SAFETY!

IT'S-- COMING
AFTER US!

FASTER!



IT CAN'T FOLLOW
US ON LAND--
ITS ROOTS MUST
BE UNDER-
WATER--
SO IT CAN
BREATHE!

ONLY A FEW
MORE YARDS
--AND WE'LL
BE SAFE!



BUT THEN, AS THOUGH AT THE
COMMAND OF THEIR KING, THE
VERY TREES SEEMED TO TRY TO
HOLD BACK THE TWO
DESPERATE HUMANS!



LANCE!
HELP!

THAT BRANCH--
IT FELL FROM
NOWHERE

CRASH!

PAINFULLY, LANCE RAISED
HIS EYES TO LOLA...

LOLA! NO-- IT CAN'T
BE! I'M GOING MAD!



YES--LOLA HAD FULFILLED HER
DESTINY! SHE HAD RETURNED--
TO BE THE BRIDE OF THE
SWAMP MONSTER!

LANCE! GOODBYE,
MY DEAREST!
I-- I--



REPORT from
Hollywood



...And that's the story!
Of course, in this day
and age, no one could
believe it! Such things
just don't happen--
except in the Movies!
It *IS* a good publicity
stunt, though-- and
when Lola Mann
returns from her
hiding place,
we'll tell...

BUT LOLA WOULD NEVER RETURN! DEEP
IN THE DISMAL SWAMP, THERE STANDS A
LONELY TREE, ITS BRANCHES REACHING
TO THE WEST--
ITS GRACEFUL
ROOTS
BARELY
TOUCHING
THE
WATER--
AS
THOUGH
IT DID NOT
BELONG
THERE--
AND
WANTED
TO GO
HOME!



THE END

DOOM OF THE GNOMES



GNOMES, BROWNIES, PIXIES, ELVES, LEPRECHAUNS... LEGENDS ARE FILLED WITH ACCOUNTS OF THESE **SUPERNATURAL BEINGS!** IN THIS MODERN AGE, OF COURSE, ONLY CHILDREN BELIEVE THAT SUCH CREATURES ACTUALLY EXIST! BUT THERE ARE MORE THINGS BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ADULTS EVER DREAMED OF... AND PERHAPS ONLY CHILDREN ARE CAPABLE OF SEEING THE UNCANNY **WORLD OF THE GNOMES!**

WELL, THIS IS IT... **GNOME HILL!** THE CABIN I RENTED FOR THE SUMMER IS ABOUT HALF WAY UP...IT'S AN IDEAL SPOT FOR A **RESTFUL SUMMER VACATION!**



GNOME HILL? WHY IS IT CALLED THAT, DAD? DO GNOMES **REALLY** LIVE ON THIS HILL?

WELL, THERE **IS** AN OLD LEGEND THAT A TRIBE OF GNOMES DWELLS WITHIN A HOLLOW CAVE AT THE TOP OF THE HILL...BUT THAT'S SHEER **SUPERSTITION**, OF COURSE! DON'T START IMAGINING THAT **YOU** SEE GNOMES IN EVERY BUSH, DAVEY...BECAUSE GNOMES JUST **DON'T EXIST!**





NEXT DAY... WELL, I THINK WE'VE HAD A LONG ENOUGH HIKE FOR THE FIRST DAY, DAVEY... WE'D BETTER HEAD BACK TO THE CABIN!

WAIT, DAD... **LOOK!** BEHIND THAT TREE... THAT MUST BE A **GNOME!**



YOU'RE **IMAGIN-**ING THINGS, SON ...THERE'S NOTHING THERE!

YOU MEAN **YOU** CAN'T SEE HIM? WAIT... I'LL **CATCH** HIM FOR YOU!



GOTCHA!

WHAM!



DAD... **HELP!** **HELP!**



WHAT'S COME OVER DAVEY? HIS ARMS AND LEGS ARE THRASHING ALL OVER THE PLACE AS IF HE'S **FIGHT-**ING... WITH **INVISIBLE** CREATURES!



MOMENTS LATER... THEY RAN AWAY AS SOON AS YOU REACHED ME... SEE THEM GO?

I'M SORRY I TOLD YOU THE NAME OF THIS HILL... IT'S AFFECTED YOUR IMAGINATION! YOU'RE MARCHING STRAIGHT BACK TO THE CABIN, YOUNG MAN... AND THEN TO BED TO SLEEP YOUR **DELU-**SIONS OFF... AND NO ARGUMENTS!



BUT LATE THAT NIGHT...

IT WASN'T FAIR OF DAD TO PUNISH ME... I REALLY **DID** SEE THOSE GNOMES... AND **FELT** THEM! IF I SHOW THE GNOMES THAT I'M A **FRIEND**, THAT THEY DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF ME, THEN MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO BRING ONE BACK AND SHOW DAD THAT THEY **REALLY** **EXIST!**

SOON AFTERWARDS...

LUCKY THERE'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT... OR I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE A THING! BUT I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN ANY GNOMES....!



QUICK NOW... LET'S TIE HIM UP!

HEY!



MOMENTS LATER

WAIT... I... I'M NOT YOUR **ENEMY!** I JUST WANTED TO BRING ONE OF YOU BACK TO THE CABIN TO SHOW MY FATHER THAT GNOMES REALLY EXIST!

NO ONE WHO IS TALLER THAN WE CAN SEE US... THAT'S OUR NATURAL DEFENSE AGAINST ATTACK FROM LARGER AND MORE POWERFUL ANIMALS IN THE WOODS... INCLUDING **MEN!** BUT NOW THAT YOU KNOW OF OUR EXISTENCE, YOU'RE A **THREAT** TO OUR **SAFETY...** WE'RE TAKING YOU TO OUR HEADQUARTERS INSIDE THE HILL!



AFTER A SHORT WALK THROUGH THE EERIE, MOON-LIT GLADE...



ALL RIGHT... PUSH HIM INTO THE CAVE! HE'S A LITTLE SMALLER THAN WE ARE... HE'LL FIT THROUGH THE ENTRANCE!



INSIDE THE CAVE

HERE HE IS, BRETHREN... THE SMALL HUMAN WHO SAW US, AND WHO TOLD AN ADULT ABOUT OUR EXISTENCE!

GOLLY... A **WHOLE TRIBE OF GNOMES!**



IF WE RELEASE HIM, HE'LL BRING THE ADULTS BACK HERE... AND THEY'LL WIPE US OUT! **PUT HIM TO DEATH, I SAY!**

NO... YOU... MUSTN'T! I... I PROMISE I'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS PLACE... I **PROMISE!**





THE HUMAN'S PROMISE
CAN'T BE TRUSTED...
KILL HIM!

KHANG'S HEART
IS EVIL... DO NOT
HEED HIM! LET US
BRING THE PRISONER
TO THE SAGE... **HE**
WILL TELL US
WHETHER HE CAN
BE TRUSTED OR
NOT!



LET US HEED
DALLONA... BRING
THE CAPTIVE TO
THE SAGE!

DALLONA IS A SOFT-
HEARTED FOOL... AND SO
ARE THE REST OF YOU
FOR LISTENING TO
HER!



TELL US, O VENER-
ABLE SAGE WHO HATH
THE POWER OF LOOK-
ING INTO THE HEARTS
OF ALL LIVING CREA-
TURES... CAN THE
WORD OF THIS
HUMAN BE
TRUSTED?

THE HEART OF THIS
CHILD IS GOOD...
YOU CAN DEPEND
ON HIM!



THE SAGE HAS
SPOKEN... YOU
ARE FREE TO
LEAVE HERE
AND RETURN
TO YOUR
HOME!

BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE, CAN'T
I STAY AND PLAY AWHILE?
YOU SEE, THERE AREN'T ANY
KIDS MY SIZE TO PLAY WITH ON
THIS HILL! LET'S SEE... DO YOU
KNOW LEAP-FROG? IF YOU DON'T,
I'LL TEACH YOU!



HA, HA...
FROG-LEAP
IS FUN!

GAMES... **BAH!** THE HUMAN
SHOULD HAVE BEEN **KILLED**...
AND HE **WILL** BE IF I HAVE TO
DO IT **MYSELF!** BUT I WILL
WAIT UNTIL THE
TIME IS
RIGHT!



TOWARD DAWN...

WE'RE SORRY YOU
HAVE TO GO HOME, DAVEY
...DON'T FORGET TO
COME AGAIN
TOMORROW!

I WILL! AND
DON'T WORRY
...I WON'T TELL
ANYONE AT ALL
ABOUT YOU!

AS THE SUMMER DAYS FLED SWIFTLY BY, DAVEY BECAME A REGULAR VISITOR TO THE HOLLOW CHAMBER WITHIN THE HILL, TEACHING THE GNOMES A VARIETY OF HUMAN GAMES...

BASKETBALL IS A **MUCH** BETTER GAME THAN TAG, OR FOLLOW THE LEADER, OR...



ATTABOY, DAVEY!

BUT ONE DAY...

YOU'RE NOT TO TAKE ANY MORE HIKES BY YOURSELF UP TO THE TOP OF THE HILL, DAVEY! I WAS WARNED TODAY THAT A CONSTRUCTION GANG IS BUILDING A NEW ROAD UP THERE...AND THEY'RE GOING TO **DYNAMITE THE TOP OF THE HILL!**

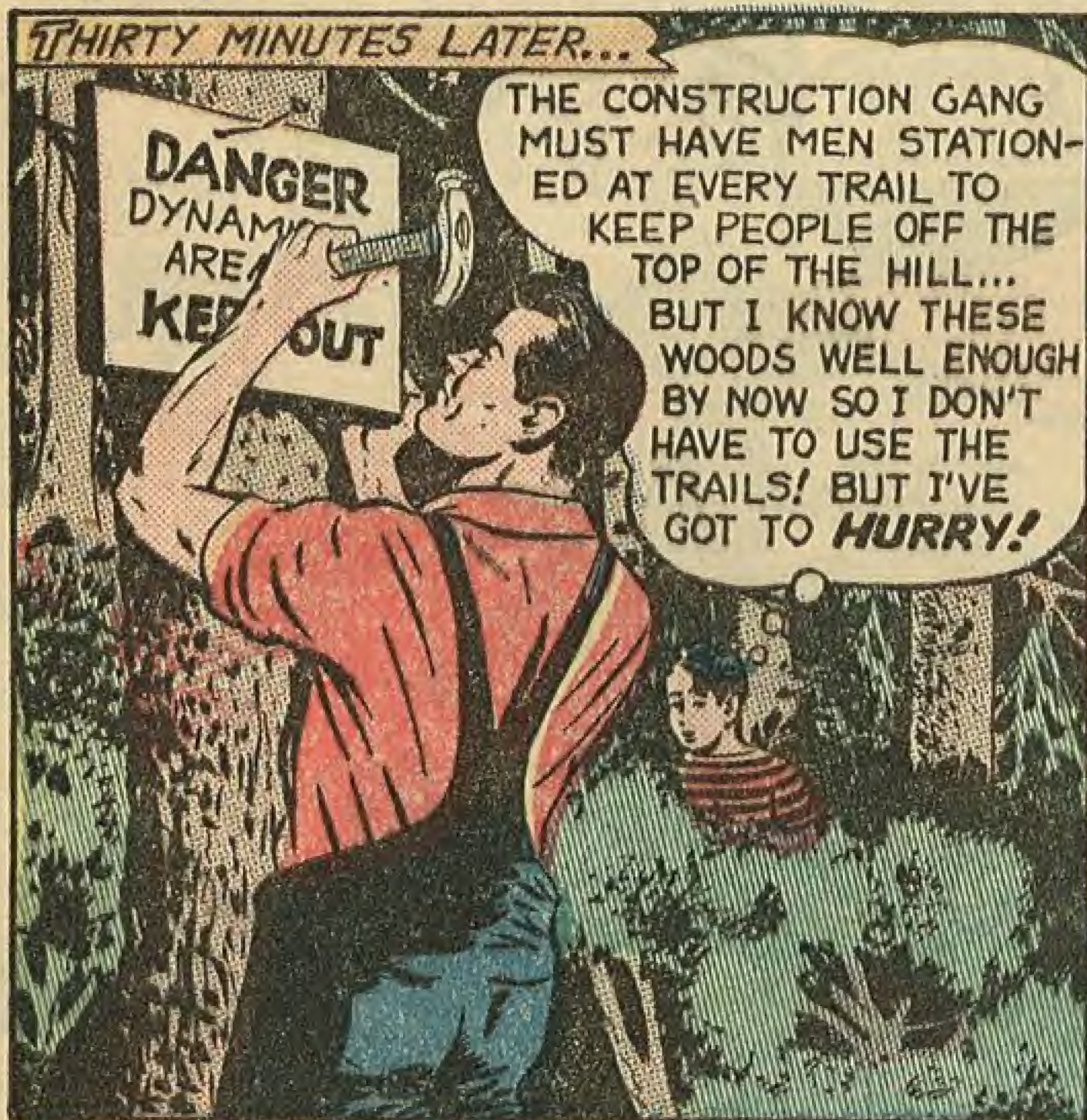
GOLLY...I...I'VE GOT TO SLIP AWAY AND **WARN THE GNOMES!**



THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

DANGER
DYNAMITE
AREA
KEEP OUT

THE CONSTRUCTION GANG MUST HAVE MEN STATIONED AT EVERY TRAIL TO KEEP PEOPLE OFF THE TOP OF THE HILL... BUT I KNOW THESE WOODS WELL ENOUGH BY NOW SO I DON'T HAVE TO USE THE TRAILS! BUT I'VE GOT TO **HURRY!**



SOON AFTERWARDS...

...AND SO YOU'VE ALL GOT TO GET OFF THIS HILL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE... BEFORE THEY DYNAMITE THIS WHOLE PLACE!

IT'S ALL A PLOT... THEY'RE DYNAMITING THE HILL TO KILL **US!** AND **YOU'RE** THE ONE WHO TOLD THEM WE LIVED HERE!



YOU'RE **CRAZY!** IF I TOLD THEM, WHY DID I COME HERE TO WARN YOU? I'M IN AS MUCH DANGER NOW AS YOU ARE!

DAVEY IS **RIGHT!**

HE IS **OUR FRIEND!**

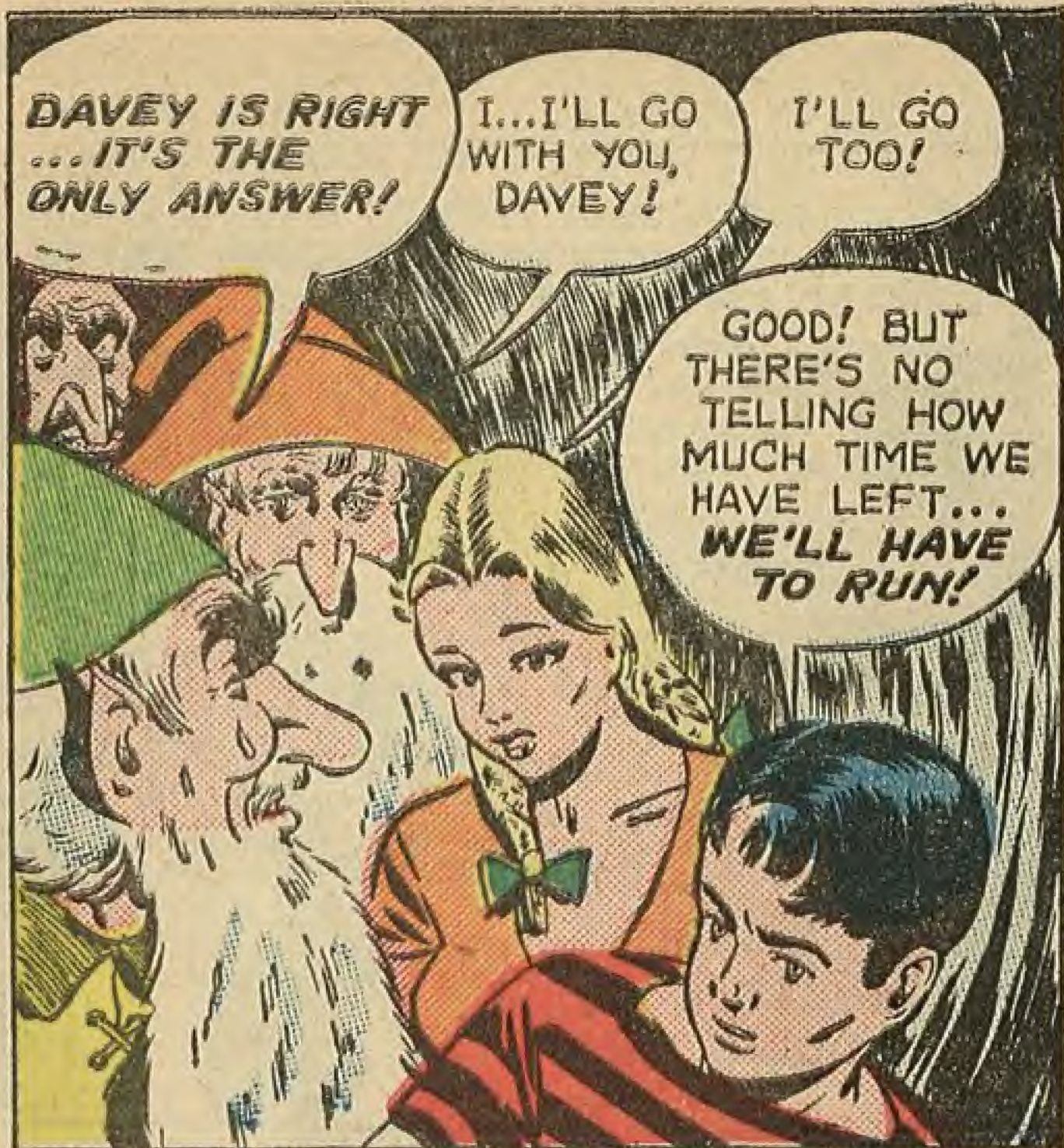
YES...BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE OUR HOME!



ALL OF US EXCEPT KHANG TRUST YOU, DAVEY... BUT WE CAN'T TAKE YOUR ADVICE ABOUT RUNNING AWAY! THIS HAS BEEN OUR HOME FOR CENTURIES...WE COULD NEVER **LIVE** ANYPLACE ELSE!

THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER THING TO DO! A COUPLE OF YOU WILL HAVE TO COME WITH ME TO THE DYNAMITERS AND TELL THEM THE WHOLE STORY! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU... BUT IF THEY FEEL YOU, THEY'LL KNOW YOU EXIST! THEN MAYBE THEY'LL BYPASS THE HILL IN BUILDING THE ROAD!





DAVEY IS RIGHT
...IT'S THE
ONLY ANSWER!

I...I'LL GO
WITH YOU,
DAVEY!

I'LL GO
TOO!

GOOD! BUT
THERE'S NO
TELLING HOW
MUCH TIME WE
HAVE LEFT...
**WE'LL HAVE
TO RUN!**



THE DYNAMITERS SHOULD BE
ABOUT HALF WAY DOWN THE
HILL, TO ESCAPE THE BLAST!
AND AS SOON AS WE REACH
THEM, WE'LL TELL THEM
ALL ABOUT THE CAVE
AND...

**NO, YOU
WON'T!**



KHANG!

YES! I FOLLOWED
YOU TO SILENCE
YOUR TONGUE FOR-
EVER... BECAUSE
HUMANS ARE
THE ETERNAL
ENEMIES OF GNOMES!

DAVEY IS NO EN-
EMY, YOU FOOL...
AND I'LL DEFEND
HIM TO THE
DEATH!

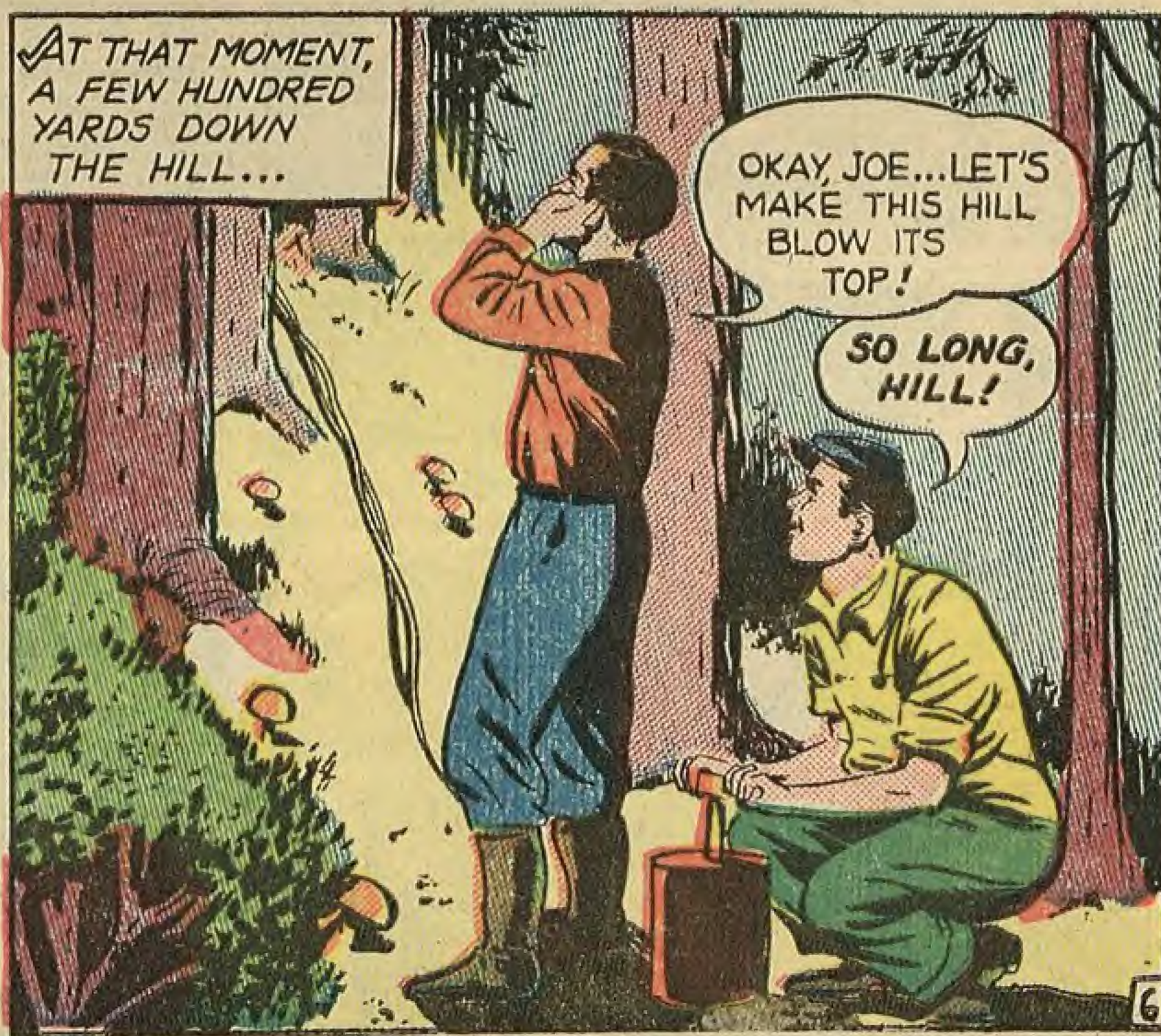


AFTER A
SHORT
STRUGGLE...



HE WAS **EVIL**,
THAT ONE ...
AND WE ARE
WELL RID OF
HIM!

I...I HOPE HE
DIDN'T SLOW US UP
TOO MUCH... THOSE
DYNAMITERS MIGHT
BE GETTING READY
TO LET GO ANY
MINUTE NOW!



AT THAT MOMENT,
A FEW HUNDRED
YARDS DOWN
THE HILL...

OKAY, JOE...LET'S
MAKE THIS HILL
BLOW ITS
TOP!

**SO LONG,
HILL!**



WE...WE'RE TOO LATE!

YES...AN EXPLOSION OF THAT SIZE MUST HAVE CAUSED THE ROOF OF THE CAVE TO COLLAPSE... **KILLING ALL OF OUR PEOPLE!**

BUT...BUT AT LEAST **YOU** TWO ARE ALIVE! AND YOU CAN ALWAYS COME AND LIVE WITH **ME**...MY FOLKS WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU!

BUT WE'LL SOON BECOME INVISIBLE TO **YOU** TOO, DAVEY...AS SOON AS YOU GROW A LITTLE TALLER!

YES...AND ANYWAY, DAVEY, WE COULD NEVER STAY COOPED UP IN A HOUSE... WE'VE GOT TO LIVE IN THE WOODS! WE...WE HATE TO LEAVE YOU...BUT WE'VE GOT TO REJOIN OUR OWN KIND! WE'LL GO OFF TO LOOK FOR OTHER COLONIES OF GNOMES, IN OTHER WOODS!

I...I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT ... BUT I...I'LL **MISS YOU!**

NO MORE THAN I'LL MISS **YOU!** WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, DAVEY...WHEREVER YOU ARE! WE'LL COME TO PLAY WITH YOUR CHILDREN IN THE YEARS TO COME!

FAREWELL, FRIEND!

AND SO, YEARS LATER...

DAVEY JUNIOR SEEMS AS HAPPY AS IF HE'S PLAYING WITH INVISIBLE COMPANIONS... I MUST **TELL** DAVE ABOUT IT WHEN HE COMES HOME FROM WORK TONIGHT!

THE NEXT TIME **YOU** SEE AN INFANT CHORTLING HAPPILY AS IT STARES OFF INTO EMPTY SPACE...OR THE NEXT TIME A SMALL CHILD EXCITEDLY TELLS YOU HE'S SEEN A GNOME ...DON'T LAUGH TOO QUICKLY, READER! THERE **MIGHT** BE SOMEONE THERE **YOU** CAN'T SEE!

The End

From **YOUR EDITOR** - to **YOU!**

WE'D LIKE TO start this month's meeting with a ringing vote of sincere appreciation. And it goes to you... to the loyal fans and staunch supporters of "Forbidden Worlds". For it's you that have helped immeasurably in making this magazine what it is...a truly great publication devoted to the dark realm of the supernatural. You've been our best friends and severest critics, indicating your likes and dislikes and telling us exactly what you wished to see in the issues which we bring you. You've been quick to point out errors, to let us know if, when and where we were falling short in our ambition to bring you the best in strange stories of the occult, in weird adventures into a world beyond life itself. The result has been a thrilling and fast-paced magazine jammed from cover to cover with startlingly imaginative stories illustrated by America's ace artists. The result has been "Forbidden Worlds"...your personal magazine!

And so, our thanks to you...in full measure! We've both been the gainers through your fine cooperation. In witness, we offer this latest issue, carefully planned and tailor-made to your own personal tastes. Each feature has been painstakingly selected on the basis of

your indicated preferences, with plot and art directed only towards your personal satisfaction. That's why we know you'll like "The Flying Head", one of the weirdest, most challenging stories ever to be published. And there's no doubt about "Bride of the Swamp Monster", a strange tale which combines spine-tingling folk legend with all the racing excitement of 20th century adventure. Then, for something truly and excitingly different, we offer "Doom of the Gnomes", a fanciful, captivating thriller that's guaranteed to hold you spellbound. Rounding out this month's offerings is "The Phantom Fountain", a pulsing story of the supernatural which presents menacing, shadowy creatures from out of the Unknown against a gripping background of modern atomic science. Taken all together, they add up to a great and all-star issue!

But we want to know what you think! Tell us how you like these stories, please...and what you want to see in future issues! Address your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. If we have room, we'll publish your opinions. Meanwhile...let's see what some of our other readers have to say!

"Dear Editor:-

I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading 'Forbidden Worlds'. My favorite comics are supernaturals...and I'm impressed by the thrills and suspense that only you bring to them! Everyone I know says that your magazine is outstanding...and I only wish you could publish it weekly! One of your many fans...

--Kent K. Murray, Arcadia, Nebr."

"Dear Editor:-

Besides the sensational stories in 'Forbidden Worlds', the art work is terrific! How's about having the artists sign their names? That way, readers can write in stating the best artists, and those with the most votes can get to do all future stories. But whatever you do, keep up the wonderful work!

--Roger Curtis, St. Paul, Minn."

"Dear Editor:-

I really go for 'Forbidden Worlds'! I've read the latest issue ten or twelve times over. Print more stories like 'Postscript To Death', please. I like your magazine because it has no mistakes at all, and keeps me in suspense. It's fine!

--Martha Sue Smith, Vernon, Texas."

The PHANTOM FOUNTAIN



DEEP IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF MANKIND HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE DREAM OF SOME DAY FINDING A MIRACULOUS ELIXIR THAT WOULD GIVE ETERNAL LIFE AND YOUTH! ONE MAN, PONCE DE LEON, ACTUALLY DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO A SEARCH FOR THE LEGENDARY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH! NOW, HERE'S A PULSE-THROBBING TALE, READER -- OF A 20TH CENTURY AMERICAN WHO FOUND THAT THE FOUNTAIN ACTUALLY EXISTED -- BUT THAT ITS GHASTLY WATERS HAD CREATED A RACE OF PHANTOMS WHOSE POWERS COULD ENSLAVE THE WORLD!

DEEP IN THE EERIE SWAMPS OF THE FORBIDDING FLORIDA EVERGLADES...

NO -- ME NO GUIDE YOU MORE! ACCURSED FOUNTAIN IS BEYOND!

BUT YOU CAN'T DESERT US NOW -- JUST WHEN OUR GEIGER COUNTER INDICATES WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THAT SOURCE OF RADIATION!

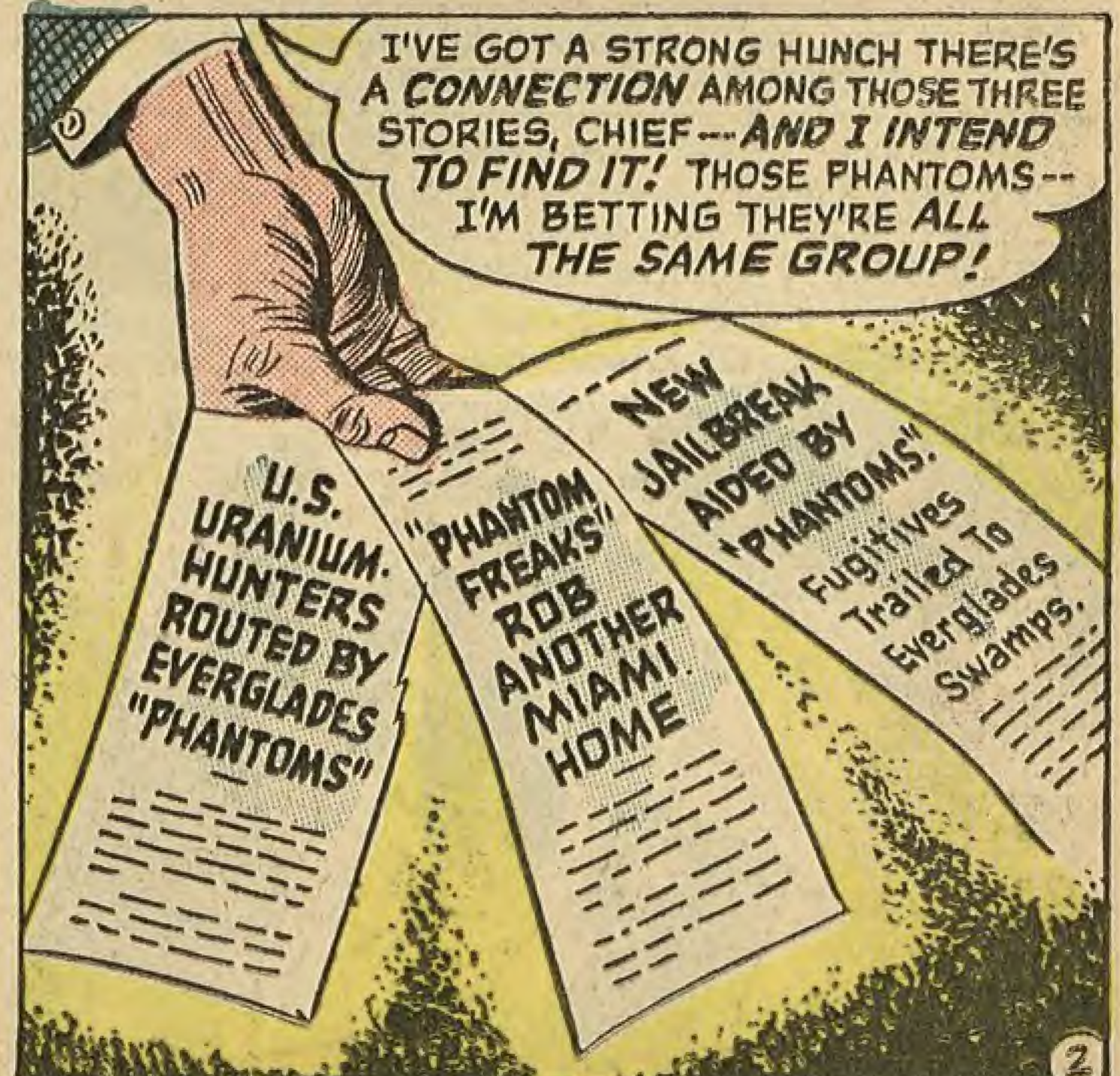
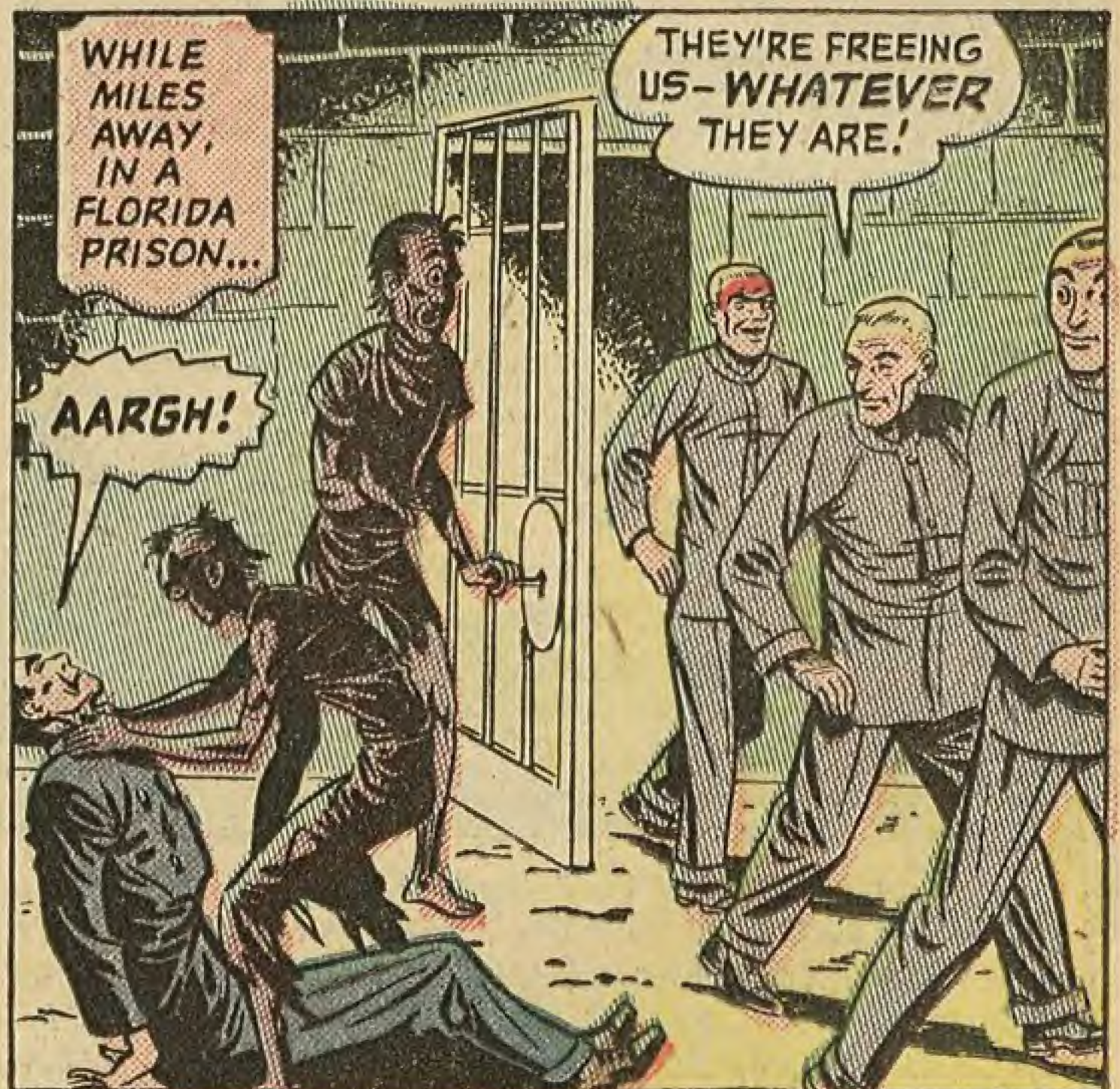


CLICK
CLICK

WELL, MEN -- OUR SEMINOLE GUIDES HAVE FLED! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO PUSH ON WITHOUT THEM, EVEN THOUGH THIS REGION IS MARKED "UNEXPLORED" ON THE MAPS!

YES, WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW -- WE'RE PROBABLY REACHING AN ENORMOUS DEPOSIT OF RADIOACTIVE PITCHBLEND -- WHICH IS JUST WHAT THE GOVERNMENT SENT US HERE TO FIND! THOSE STUPID GUIDES -- AS IF THERE COULD BE ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL HERE TO FEAR!





MY THEORY IS THAT A GANG OF CRIMINALS IS USING A HIDEOUT IN THE EVERGLADES AS A BASE FOR MARAUDING ACTIVITIES AGAINST NEARBY CITIES --- AND THAT THEY'RE USING PHONY DISGUISES AND PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT BOTH TO **TERRORIZE** THEIR VICTIMS INTO THINKING THEY'RE **SUPERNATURAL CREATURES** AND TO FRIGHTEN AWAY ANYONE WHO GETS TOO CLOSE TO THEIR HIDEOUT!



WELL, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS --- WILL YOU RETRACE THE STEPS OF THE EXPEDITION?



NO --- I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE **THEY** DID! I'M GOING TO FLY LOW OVER THE GLADES WITH A SUPER-SENSITIVE GEIGER COUNTER-- AND PARACHUTE DOWN AT THE SPOT OF GREATEST RADIATION, WHICH IS UNDOUBTEDLY NEAR THE PLACE WHERE THE EXPEDITION WAS ROUTED!



NEXT DAY, OVER THE EVERGLADES...

THE COUNTER IS CLICKING AWAY LIKE A RATTLESNAKE --- I GUESS THIS **MUST** BE THE SPOT! GET SOME ALTITUDE ABOVE HERE --- **AND I'LL HIT THE SILK!**



MOMENTS LATER...

BLAST IT, I **WOULD** HAVE TO GET HUNG UP IN THIS --- OH-OH, I'VE GOT **COMPANY!** THEY'RE PROBABLY THE SAME CREEPS WHO SCARED OFF THE EXPEDITION --- BUT THEY'RE NOT SCARING **ME!** 'AS SOON AS I WANGLE OUT OF THIS HARNESS, I'LL PROVE THAT THEY'RE NOT **PHANTOMS**, BUT FLESH AND BLOOD **HUMANS!**



WHA --- MY... MY FEET WENT RIGHT **THROUGH** HIM! THEY... THEY'RE **SUPERNATURAL!**





SO THAT IS THE MIRACLE I DISCOVERED -- A FOUNTAIN OF **RADIOACTIVE RAYS** SO POWERFUL THAT THEY DISINTEGRATED LIVING TISSUES, LEAVING ONLY THE **SPIRIT** TO INHABIT A **PHANTOM BODY!** ANY LIVING THING IMMERSED IN IT CAN HAVE NO BODILY ILLS OR INFIRMITIES--- AND SO CAN LIVE FOREVER IF IT PERIODICALLY UNDERGOES **ADDITIONAL IMMERSIONS!**

YEARS AGO, I IMMERSED MYSELF AND CHANGED INTO MY PRESENT FORM -- IN WHICH I WILL REMAIN **TILL THE END OF TIME OR THE FOUNTAIN'S DESTRUCTION!** BUT WHEN I SAW THE **OTHER** ADVANTAGES MY POWER BROUGHT ME, I RETURNED TO CIVILIZATION IN MY PHANTOM STATE TO ROB AND PLUNDER -- AND TO ENGINEER PRISON BREAKS!



THE CONVICTS I FREED WERE LED TO THE FOUNTAIN AND GIVEN **ETERNAL LIFE!** AFTER THEIR TRANSFORMATION INTO **PHANTOMS**, I SENT THEM OUT TO RAID AND CAUSE OTHER JAILBREAKS SO THAT I WOULD HAVE **MORE RECRUITS!** AND WHEN I HAVE **ENOUGH**, WE WILL MARCH OUT IN **IRRESISTIBLE FORCE** TO **CONQUER THE WORLD!**

YOU **FIEND**... YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THAT **MAD PLAN!**

NO? ARE YOU GOING TO STOP ME? HA-HA-HA! YOU WILL BE FLUNG INTO THE **CENTER** OF THE FOUNTAIN, THE **HEART OF THE RADIATION!** ALL THE CREATURES WE TESTED **THERE** WERE UTTERLY **ANNIHILATED**... SO NOT EVEN YOUR **SPIRIT** WILL REMAIN!

DIE, FOOL... DIE!

THANK GOSH I HAD THE FORESIGHT TO PUT A **RESERVE DOSE** OF CYSTEINE IN THAT FALSE CAP ON MY BACK MOLAR! PRYING OFF THE CAP WITH MY TONGUE **SHOULD** GIVE ME ENOUGH OF THE MIRACLE DRUG TO PROTECT ME AGAINST THIS DEADLY RADIATION-- **I HOPE!**

IN THE HEART OF THE **EERILY-GLOWING** FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH...

I-- I'M **NOT** SUCCUMBING TO THE RADIATION ---THE DRUG IS **WORKING!** NOW TO PUSH THROUGH AND GET OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE!



SECONDS LATER --

HE IS DEAD
BY NOW...
**DISINTEGRATED
INTO
NOTHINGNESS!**

GOOD! THEY
CAN'T SEE ME
THROUGH THE DENSE
CENTER OF THE FOUNTAIN!
NOW TO PLOW MY WAY
THROUGH THE SWAMP
SHRUBBERY, BACK TO
THE RADIO TRANSMITTER
ATTACHED TO MY
PARACHUTE HARNESS!
AND THEN -- AN
**URGENT MESSAGE
TO THE CHIEF!**



LATER THAT DAY, IN A PENTAGON OFFICE...

I KNOW THAT GORDON'S
RADIO MESSAGE SOUNDS
INCREDIBLE, GENERAL...
BUT IF HIS STORY IS TRUE,
**THE FATE OF OUR COUNTRY
IS AT STAKE!** WHAT HARM
CAN IT DO TO DROP ONE OF
YOUR EXPERIMENTAL **BABY
ATOM BOMBS** ON AN
UNINHABITED
SECTION OF THE
EVERGLADES?

NONE AT ALL... WHICH
IS WHY WE'RE NOT
TAKING ANY CHANCES!
**WE'LL DROP ONE
SMACK ON THAT
POSITION GORDON
RADIOED TO YOU!**



NEXT DAY...

LISTEN... A PLANE IS
RIGHT OVERHEAD! IT'S
PROBABLY SEARCHING FOR
THE MAN WE KILLED
YESTERDAY... BUT WE'RE
SAFE, BECAUSE THE
CANOPY OF TREES CONCEALS
US AND THE FOUNTAIN FROM
AERIAL OBSERVATION!



A MOMENT LATER...



HUH? WE JUST
DROPPED A **BABY
A-BOMB** -- BUT
THAT EXPLOSION
WAS GREATER THAN
THAT OF A **SUPER
A-BOMB!**

YEAH... I DON'T
GET IT... UNLESS
THE TERRIFIC IMPACT
TOUCHED OFF A CHAIN
REACTION IN A URANIUM
DEPOSIT DOWN THERE,
BLOWING THE WHOLE
PLACE TO
SMITHEREENS!



WHILE MILES AWAY...

IT'S OVER... AND WHATEVER
PHANTOMS SURVIVED WILL SOON
PERISH, **BECAUSE THE
FOUNTAIN ITSELF HAS
BEEN ANNIHILATED!**
AND NOW PONCE DE LEON'S
DREAM OF A FOUNTAIN OF
YOUTH IS JUST A
DREAM AGAIN!



THE END

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below
WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
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A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
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